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ἀληθεύων ἐν ἀγάπῃ.—Speaking the truth in love.

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Au Courant.

SOME time ago Mr. Joseph Bennett uttered a wail about the scanty terminology in musical criticisms. There is reason for the complaint. The trouble is that we have so few synonyms. A singer "sings" or "delivers" or "executes" or "renders" an air. You don't like any of these words beyond the first, but you can't help yourself if your ear objects to the tautology. For "performance" some say "delivery," and some again use that terrible word "rendition," which always makes me think of a tearing asunder of something or of somebody. Again, take the announcement of a programme. You say "The programme was as follows," until you are sick of that form; then perhaps you try "The programme included." If you put it "Here is the programme," there is a sort of take-this-and-be-hanged-to-you that may irritate your readers. And so you see that Joseph is right for once. It is easy to understand why the musical critic has taken to pillaging the verbal storehouses of other arts.

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TWO Americans have, it seems, joined in making an opera out of Nathaniel Hawthorne's story, "The Scarlet Letter." The composer is Mr. Walter Damrosch, and as the work has been described as "a banquet of misery," I am surprised that nobody has thought of giving a new turn to the musician's name. Exchange the "r" for a "b" and—why, there you are! I have no doubt it would describe the thing exactly.

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MISS JANOTHA prints on a private slip some details regarding the recently discovered Nocturne in C sharp minor by Chopin. Speaking as to the question of authenticity, Miss Janotha points out that not only is the music strikingly "Chopinesque," but the MS. is in the well-known handwriting of the composer. The Nocturne was addressed by Chopin to his sister Louise at Warsaw, in a letter from Paris, and was written soon after the production of the two lovely Piano Concertos when Chopin was still a very young man. It contains a quotation from his Concerto in F minor, and a brief reference to the song known as the "Maiden's Wish." The MS. of the Nocturne was supposed to have been destroyed in the sacking of the Zamojski Palace, at Warsaw, towards the end of the Insurrection of 1863, but it was discovered quite recently amongst papers of various kinds in the possession of a Polish gentleman, a great collector, whose son offered Mr. Polinski the privilege of selecting from the papers. His choice was three MSS. of Chopin's, one of them being this Nocturne. The composition, it may just be added, was played by the eminent Russian pianist, Balakireff, at the Chopin Commemoration Concert held in the

autumn of last year at the composer's birthplace.

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STAVENHAGEN does not seem to have been a great success in America. One of the critics accounts for it by saying that while he is a most estimable and indeed admirable pianist, he is not a lodestone—not a hypnotizer. He has no affectation; he has no story of a deep-rooted, mysterious grief. His diet is not confined exclusively to cigarettes and mineral water; his hair is the conventional every-day hair of humanity. All of which means of course that the ladies don't find him interesting enough to rave about. Perhaps it does not matter much. Stavenhagen is the son of a very rich father; and he is independent enough to be able to give piano lessons free. Just fancy a man teaching the piano for nothing! In the States he has been playing on an instrument by the Knabe firm, and has given the makers a splendid testimonial in the teeth of very hostile criticism. But then it turns out that he got a hundred dollars per recital to play the Knabe. And you know what testimonials are anyway.

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THOUGH it is perhaps not possible to agree with Mr. Macdonald Smith—a recent lecturer on the subject—that a beautiful piano-touch can be taught, it is assuredly unnecessary to quarrel with his statement that too much time is wasted in foolish finger exercises. Economy in practice is to be commended above all things; this is a busy age, and prodigies are plentiful. Besides, there are one's neighbours to be considered. Bach's Inventions, forty-eight preludes and fugues, some simple five-finger exercises, scales, single and double notes, arpeggios in all keys, Cramer, Clementi and Chopin studies—the three great C's for pianists: if with all these you cannot become an artist, the grace of God is not in you, and you had better take to type-writing.

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BOOK-MAKING is an easy business in these days. You want to "write" a handbook for the literary tyro? Well, then, you get letters on the subject from all the eminent authors of the day, give them a little running comment, send them to the printer, and there you are! Or is it your desire to make a name by a work on Church praise? Nothing easier. Write, putting a host of questions to all the organists and choirmasters in the country, print the answers, and—why, there you are again! The method has indeed become somewhat stale, but I am reminded of it by receiving from a certain Mr. Robert Scott Riddell, of Edinburgh, a printed circular asking me to supply, "with a view to publication," any "authentic and amusing anecdotes or experiences relating to the musical profession" with which I may be acquainted. "It must be understood," says this ingenuous gentleman, "that all matter sent will be subject to revision." I should think so! Why, the "revision" in such a case as this is the only title to authorship. But, dear Mr. Scott Riddell, this is a busy age, as I have

remarked above. We have each got our own work to do, and have no time to do the self-imposed work of others.

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OUR Welsh musical friends are adepts at the catching of Father Time by the forelock. Already they have got their National Eisteddfod of 1896 arranged. It is to be held in the first week of July, and the place is Llandudno. The chief choral prize will be £200, and the second £70; while £50 is to be offered for the best cantata. Oh! these terrible cantatas! An "Eisteddfod Choir" of three hundred voices is to be arranged; and I presume a dentist will be in attendance to look after the teeth of those who may suffer from the Welsh consonants.

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THE Beethoven Verein, which was founded in 1889 to purchase and restore the house at Bonn in which the immortal composer was born, is in the happy condition of having accomplished all its ends and paid all its debts. Nevertheless the society needs funds to keep up the house and to purchase fresh treasures for the museum established in it. To get the funds, a series of concerts is to be given in May, covering probably five days. Several eminent musicians are announced to take part, Herr Brahms for one.

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MR. TIVADAR NACHEZ has scored an enormous triumph in Russia, where he has been on a concert tour, arranged by the impresario, Mr. Ernest Cavour. In Moscow one evening he had no fewer than ten encores, and had to play till midnight! This eminent violinist, who was born at Buda-Pesth in 1859, is a pupil of Joachim, with whom he studied for three years. In England he made his first appearance at the Crystal Palace, and had some difficulty in getting a hearing too. Lady Hallé had been booked to play, but she fell ill. About this time Mr. Nachez met Mr. Manns, and applied for an engagement. At first the eminent conductor, who fights shy of strangers, tried to discourage him, but because of his importunity Nachez prevailed, and he filled Lady Hallé's place with immense success. Mr. Nachez is a cosmopolitan, speaks and reads fluently several languages, and is a great favourite wherever he goes. He plays on a Strad, which cost him £1,000. And yet we hear about the poverty of musicians!

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ONE of the German musical journals mentions the publication of what the writer describes as two fragments, hitherto unknown, from an unfinished oratorio by Haydn. But this is a somewhat inaccurate description of the pieces in question. Dr. Pohl, in his Life of Haydn, shows what they really are. He says: "Encouraged by the success of *The Storm*, Haydn undertook to compose a larger work to English words. Lord Abingdon suggested Needham's *Invocation of Neptune*, an adaptation of some poor verses prefixed to Selden's *Mare Clausum*,

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but he made little progress, probably finding his acquaintance with English too limited. The only finished numbers are a bass solo, 'Nor can I think my suit in vain,' and a chorus, 'Thy great endeavours to increase.' Haydn began this composition just a hundred years ago, during his second sojourn in England, between 1794 and 1795. The composer's autograph MS. is, I understand, in the British Museum.

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THE London Bach Festival of next month has already been referred to in these columns. It is now announced that Joachim will play the violin obbligati in the *St. Matthew Passion* on the first day of the festival—that is to say, on April 2. He will also take part in the Selection Concert on April 4, and in the Mass in B minor, which is to be sung on April 6. Joachim, by the way, has been telling an interviewer that Schumann once stroked his cheeks and told him he played the violin "very nicely." The composer, he adds, had an odd way of showing his likes and dislikes to his acquaintances. He would never sit down unless he could tilt up the chair next to him, and in this wise show an unsympathetic neighbour that his proximity was not desired! If I had been sitting near to Schumann, I should have wanted a rocking-chair.

* * *

TOO late for notice last month, the death of Mr. Edward Solomon, at the very early age of thirty-six, should not pass unrecorded in these columns. He was engaged in the rehearsals of *The Taboo* when he was taken ill, and died in ten days of typhoid fever. If Mr. Solomon was not a great composer, he was at any rate a fertile one. His first real success was in *Bilée Taylor*, which was produced at the Imperial Theatre in 1880. *Claude Duval, The Vicar of Bray*, and *Paul and Virginia* followed in rapid succession, and quite recently his *Nautch Girl* enjoyed a long run at the Savoy. It is understood that he had nearly a dozen works ready for production at the time of his decease. Mr. Solomon was formerly the husband of Miss Lilian Russell, who divorced him some years ago.

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WHAT has happened to Madame Essipoff, the "wife" of Professor Leschetizky? Some months ago it was announced that the Professor had got another spouse. The report was certainly a little too previous, but the event has now come off, and Leschetizky has got "a beautiful Pole," with the singularly unbeautiful name of Benislawska-Domierska. I have always envied the piano professor his fine chances for love-making, and I am not surprised to learn that Leschetizky's love was one of his pupils. Nothing has ever been said about a divorce from Essipoff, but perhaps a divorce was not necessary. Leschetizky, it will be remembered, gave Paderewski his "finishing" lessons.

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I SYMPATHISE very much with a gentleman who writes to one of my contemporaries complaining of the remarkable want of variety shown in the programmes of piano recitals. The composers are varied enough, but there is an eternal sameness about the compositions which is positively distressing. Pure Bach we never hear; nobody thinks of giving us one of the splendid suites or toccatas, or some of the "forty-eight." On the other hand, what we do get from everybody is a painful derangement of an organ fugue by Liszt or Tausig, or perhaps the Chromatic Fantasia. Beethoven is represented by the C sharp minor, the Waldstein, the Appassionata, and almost by these

only; Schumann, for all that we should know, never wrote anything but the Carnival and the Fantasiestücke; Schubert figures solely as the composer of the Wanderer Fantasia; and even the selection from Chopin is strangely limited, considering the very wide range of choice in his case. As a matter of course, all the recitalists put in a Liszt piece, though they must know perfectly well that most people thoroughly dislike Liszt's fireworks. The fact seems to be that pianists are very like a flock of sheep on this question. Their creed is effectiveness from the sensational standpoint; and each wants to play just what the other plays in case it should be thought that he can't play it.

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DID Mozart write Mozart's *Twelfth Mass*? That is the paradox with which the *Catholic Times* has dared to startle the country amateur. It is an old question, of course, this of the authorship of the once-famous Mass; but while the house of Novello—which first gave the Mass its number—refuses to admit the fact in a practical way, authorities have, for the most part, decided that Mozart had nothing whatever to do with the work. Jahn takes that view of the matter in his life of the composer; and the *Catholic Times* writer, I am glad to see, follows him, after a minute sifting of the evidence for and against. Within the last few years Messrs. Breitkopf and Härtel have completed the publication of all Mozart's compositions, but no so-called *Twelfth Mass* has been included.

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THE London Wagnerians appear to be a decreasing body. According to the annual report of the Society just issued, the list of members now numbers 198. In the report one comes upon the interesting statement that £24 was spent on a dinner to that much overrated youth Herr Siegfried Wagner. Why Siegfried shouldn't pay for his own meals is not quite apparent; but if his admirers are willing to "stand" him a dinner to the tune of £24, why then they are perfectly welcome. A sum of £80 was more sensibly devoted to the translation of Wagner's prose works; and of course a proportion of subscriptions was sent to Bayreuth as usual. This year we are told that among the papers to be read is one to be entitled, "Further Notes on Hafiz." But what on earth has the poet of Persia to do with the Wagner Society? As well might Sir A. C. Mackenzie lecture to the R.A.M. students on Mohammed.

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I WISH somebody would translate the two volumes of personal recollections by Dr. Hanslick, the famous musical critic of Vienna, which have just been published in Berlin. There are many good things in the work, although it contains much matter foreign to the musical world. But perhaps the musical world would contrive to stand that, as Heine contrived to stand music—by taking plenty of mustard. Dr. Hanslick visited England in 1862, and again in 1866. He notices immense musical progress in the period between these dates. Still he cannot quite "make the English out." They "absorb immense quantities of music of the most different quality with the same attention, the same approval. There is no doubt of their love of music; whether this love is mutual is another question. Of course fashion has a good deal to say in the matter, and Wagner is the newest fashion." Dr. Hanslick is no lover of Wagner, though of course he admits the beauty of single passages in his compositions. In 1876, when he was sent to "do" the *Nibelungen* at Bayreuth, he had "four days of martyrdom," and he declares that the work bores, and annoys, and repels him more each time he

hears it. Conscious of belonging to a small minority, he is not hopeful of a change in public opinion occurring in his lifetime. But he believes that younger people will witness it. He is perfectly confident that fifty years hence the writings of Wagnerians will be looked upon as mere monuments of a "mental epidemic." There! What do you think of that? It is enough to kill the London Wagner Society quite outright.

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IT will interest many of my readers to know that Miss Marie Wurm's playing of her new Concerto at Meiningen recently, was greatly appreciated. The Hereditary Prince and Princess both came all the way from Cassel to be present at the rehearsal, and the Princess sent her own private piano for Miss Wurm to play upon.

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MESSRS. THIBOUVILLE-LAMY have some very remarkable musical boxes at their new premises in Charterhouse Street. This firm was established at Mirecourt in 1800; they opened their Paris establishment in 1813, and came to London in 1880. Their English business has vastly increased in the past few years.

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THERE was a very full attendance at Miss Maude Vallerie White's Concert at Queen's Hall on the 4th ult. Out of about fifteen songs given, ten were by Miss White, who accompanied. The singers were—the Countess Valda Gleichen, Miss Beverley Robinson, Miss Dale, Mr. Plunket Greene (his last public appearance before leaving England for America), and Mr. Kennesley Rumford. Mr. Leonard Borwick also appeared, and played a Caprice by Scarlatti, "Nachstück," by Schumann, and a "Scherzo" by Chopin, and accompanied Mr. Plunket Greene in Schumann's "Dichterliebe."

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I HAVE withdrawn the Music Supplement of the February issue, the copyright of one of the pieces—"Braga" Serenade—being the property of Messrs. Durand & Fils, Paris.

Mr. A. Siloti.



R. A. Siloti, the young Russian pianist, who created so favourable an impression by his appearance last March in London and the provinces, was born in 1863 at Charkoff, in Southern Russia. He at an early age betrayed the possession of rare musical gifts, and in 1873 he went to study at the Conservatoire of Moscow, where amongst his fellow-pupils was Emil Sauer. He remained there studying under Zveriff, Nicholas Rubinstein, and Tchaikowski, till 1881. In 1883 he went to Weimar, when the Abbé Liszt speedily recognised his wonderful talents, and accepted him as a pupil, and Mr. Siloti remained there till 1886. He then accepted a Professorship at the Conservatoire of Moscow, where he remained till 1890; and it was only then that he yielded to the earnest solicitations of his friends, who felt that he was burying himself, that he resigned his appointment and gave the world the benefit of his phenomenal powers as pianist. Wherever he has appeared he has gained the greatest success, and he is now universally accorded a high position among the chosen few—those magicians of the piano who, without extraneous aid, can keep an audience enthralled during the length of an entire recital. M. Siloti visits England early this month, and will give a series of recitals in London and the provinces, under the direction of N. Vert. I give his portrait with this issue of the Magazine.



Musical Life in London.

READER, deal gently with thy servant ; he has little or nothing to say. Happy is the nation, it has been remarked, that hath no annals ; and musical London is in that condition just now. I do not mean that I could not, if I wished, print a list as long as my arm of recitals, concerts, and un-comic comic operas ; but I don't wish, for I am no diarist. My business here is to tell my readers what of significance has occurred, what artists —good, very good, or only so-called, or very bad—have appeared, what new works have been produced ; it is not to account for every unimportant person who takes St. James's, or Princes', or Queen's Hall, and drags in half-a-dozen friends to hear him scramble through the inevitable Bach Prelude and Fugue, Beethoven Sonata, Chopin Nocturne, and Liszt Rhapsody.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

Even Mr. August Manns must needs begin with a well-worn programme. The first Crystal Palace Concert came off on February 16 ; and as the anniversary of Wagner's death was February 13, we had a "Grand Wagner 'In Memoriam' Concert." Here is the programme :—

Kaiser-March	Wagner.
Prelude to <i>Lohengrin</i>	"
Love Duet from Act I. of <i>Die Walküre</i>	"
The Ride of the Valkyries, <i>Die Walküre</i>	"
Selection from Act III. of <i>Die Meistersinger</i>	"
1. Introduction.	
2. Dance of Apprentices and Procession of Mastersingers, leading to	
3. Closing Scene.	

Of these the love duet from *Die Walküre* had not been heard at Sydenham before. Miss Edith Miller took the part of Sieglinda, Mr. Edward Lloyd that of Siegmund. Both of them chanted rather than sang, and in consequence the whole of the beautiful scene dragged a little. Mr. Lloyd is admirable in *Elijah*, and, generally speaking, in work that demands lyrical treatment ; but he gets hopelessly out of it in dramatic music. He delivers the most poignantly expressive bits of recitative like a Board-school child reading from a primer ; without any sense, that is, of the meaning of the words he delivers. Miss Miller was a little, but only a little, better. The Kaiser-March was played with admirable vigour and grip until near the finish, where it flagged considerably ; and in the *Lohengrin* prelude Mr. Mann gave us one of those broad, noble readings to which he has accustomed us, missing, it is true, certain aspects, such as the mystery and unfathomable atmospheric charm of the music, but bringing out, on the other hand, its nobility and passion. The "Ride" was given with all due emphasis and energy, and then we went on to the *Meistersinger* selection. This was really a special show for Mr. Manns and his orchestra and chorus, Mr. Lloyd and Mr. William Ludwig, for Miss Miller (as Eva) and Mr. R. E. Miles (as Pogner) had only a few words apiece to sing. The introduction to the third act was given with remarkable delicacy, and the dance of apprentices with sprightliness ; but Mr. William Ludwig's disagreeable barking of the Sachs music spoilt the remainder of the scene for me. Mr. Lloyd was entirely charming as Walther von Stolzungen, for here lyricism and not drama is wanted. The concert was unusually short,

leaving those of us who returned by the 5.19 train with nearly fifty minutes to loiter about the draughty and anything but exhilarating palace.

SYMPHONY CONCERTS.

The Symphony Concerts have never been a specially cheerful institution, and lately they have been more depressing than ever. Mr. Henschel's Scotch orchestra had possession of the platform at Queen's Hall on January 31, and this was the programme :—

Overture to <i>Oberon</i>	Weber.
Concerto in A for Violin	Dvorak.
Symphony in B flat (No. 12 of B. & H.)	Haydn.
Ballad for Violin, Op. 9	Henschel.
Siegfried Idyll	Wagner.
Prelude to Act III., Dance of Apprentices and Procession of the Masters from <i>Die Meistersinger</i>	Wagner.

But for the law of libel and limited anathematical resources of the English language, I would tell you what I thought of the playing of the wondrous *Oberon* overture. Mr. Maurice Sons is a remarkable violinist : far too mechanical as yet, both in his time and the dead level quality of tone he produces ; but if he throws up orchestral work and begins to study his instrument in real earnest, I firmly believe he will learn to play it—play it, that is, as a virtuoso should. That concerto of Dvorak was anything but pleasant work for him to tackle, and I hope to hear him in a genuine piece of music some day. Mr. Henschel, in a manner of speaking, seized Haydn by the scruff of the neck and threw him amongst the audience ; whereupon there was nothing left for me to do but pick up the damaged Kapellmeister, dust his clothes, and soothe his dignity and go home, sorrowfully. For I have heard enough of Mr. Henschel's music not to desire to hear any more.

The second concert (February 14) was another of the Wagner "In Memoriam" affairs. Here is the programme—of course only a variant of Mr. Henschel's Wagner programme for many years past :—

Prelude to <i>Lohengrin</i>	Wagner.
Elsa's Dream from <i>Lohengrin</i>	"
Symphony in E flat, No. 3, "Eroica"	Beethoven.
Senta's Ballad from <i>Flying Dutchman</i>	Wagner.
Good Friday's Spell from <i>Parsifal</i>	"
Prelude and Isolde's Liebestod from <i>Tristan und Isolde</i>	"

What is there to say about it? Scarcely anything. Miss Esther Palliser sang Elsa's Dream and Senta's Ballad, with much energy. She must really take the very greatest care of her voice. It has not its former girlish freshness, nor that beautiful ringing quality that charmed us all some time since ; and the nobler qualities of the mature singer have not arrived to compensate for what is lacking. I fancy Miss Palliser must be overworking herself. In the *Tristan* music Mr. Henschel gave us much the best piece of playing we have had from him for many months. The rest was—well, what we expect from Mr. Henschel.

THE POPULAR CONCERTS.

As I was unable to attend the popular concert of Monday, January 26, I went on the following Saturday to hear the Rubinstein quartet in F (Op. 17). It was perfectly played by Lady Hallé and Messrs. Ries, Gibson, and Whitehouse ; but the worst of it is, that it is not worth playing—for the most part, at any rate. It is crammed full of reminiscences, and with these we get very little of the composer. The adagio is the best number, and the allegro (which stands for the scherzo) seems to come next. I may as well give the whole programme :—

Quartet in F major, Op. 17, No. 3, for two	
Violins, Viola, and Violoncello	Rubinstein.
Songs, ("Tell me, Shepherd")	Boyce.
Song, ("Sweet Robin")	Dibdin.
Sonata in D major, No. 21, for Piano-forte alone	Mozart.
Benedictus and Saltarello, for Violin, with Pianoforte accompaniment	Mackenzie.
Song, "The Lark sings high in the Cornfield"	T. Linley.
Sonata in D minor, Op. 121, for Piano-forte and Violin	Schumann.

Miss Helen Trust made the most of that beautiful languorous voice of hers in the song by old Boyce, and might have made even more in Linley's lyric had not Mr. J. A. F. Maitland vulgarised it by his "arranging." What a pity it is these amateurs insist upon meddling in matters that are too high for them ! I think I have described Mr. Borwick's reading of the Mozart sonata before, so I will only remark that I wish he would learn another one. The one is a very fine sonata when it is played with greater weight than Mr. Borwick gives it, but even then one would tire of hearing it so often. Mackenzie's violin pieces are amongst the best things he has done. They were vigorously handled by Lady Hallé, who joined Mr. Borwick in giving a truly heroic rendering of the last number of the programme. Schumann demands energetic handling ; and when he gets it, as he did on this occasion, he is always interesting, and sometimes impressive.

On the next Saturday Mr. Mühlfeld was there to play in the Brahms clarinet quartet in B minor, which work was repeated on Monday, February 4. Each time it was beautifully given, the only thing I take exception to being the flourishes of the clarinet in the slow movement. They are ludicrous in effect, and sometimes verge on vulgarity. Miss Fillunger sang with wonderful expression in songs by Brahms and Schubert. Of the following programme, that of February 11, I heard only the last two numbers :—

Quartet in A minor, Op. 13, for two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello	Mendelssohn.
Songs { "Songs my Mother taught me"	Dvorak.
"Frühlingslied"	Mendelssohn.
Sonata in D minor, Op. 31, No. 2, for Pianoforte alone	Beethoven.
Songs { "The Piper's Song" "My Sweetest Darling"	Paderewski.
Quartet in E flat, for Pianoforte, Violin, Viola, and Violoncello	Mackenzie.

Of course I missed Miss Fanny Davies' playing of the Beethoven sonata. Madame Sherwin's rather "horny" quality of voice was at its best in the first of the Paderewski songs ; in the other it was felt to be much too heavy. The quartet by Mackenzie has a very interesting and indeed beautiful first movement ; the scherzo is delightfully quaint and full of melody ; but the variations are unmilitated rubbish, and the finale is tedious. I suggest that the Principal of the R.A.M. should throw away the variations and write a new last movement ; and we should then have a valuable specimen of English chamber music.

ROYAL CHORAL SOCIETY.

Dr. Hubert Parry's masterpiece of dulness, *King Saul*, was given on Thursday, February 1, with all the pomp and circumstance of which the Royal Choral Society is master. Mr. Joseph Bennett provided some marvellous "Analytical Notes" at the extremely moderate price of one shilling. Miss Marie Brema sang magnificently in the music given to the evil spirit, and Mr. Edward Lloyd with all the undramatic sweetness appropriate to the sweet singer of Israel. The

mere vocalisation of Mr. Douglas Powell was excellent, though he did not attempt to enter into the character of the part he had to sing; while, on the other hand, Mr. Henschel's characterization was as strong and effective as his vocalization was coarse and unpleasant. Miss Hilda Wilson had not a shadow of a chance in the music of the Witch of Endor, and the strains given to Miss Anna Williams were for the most part impossible; but each did her best. The band played vigorously, and the chorus both sang and applauded vigorously, thus doubling the parts of the Israelites and of honorary *claque* to the Royal Choral Society. And, after all, despite their efforts in this direction, there was little enthusiasm amongst the audience. I believe I am right in saying there was more joy over Sir A. C. Mackenzie's *Bethlehem*, which was considered a failure.

MR. DOLMETSCH'S CONCERTS.

For the first time Mr. Dolmetsch is now coming before the public with his concerts of old music; but beyond recording the fact that he made the evening of Tuesday, February 12, a pleasant one for the quite big little audience that assembled in the small Queen's Hall, I shall leave the matter over until after the second concert, which is fixed for February 26, too late for notice in this month's issue.

There was but a poor attendance at the concert given in the small Queen's Hall, Langham Place, on the 6th ult., under the direction of Mr. H. Skinner. The principal artist was Madame Sara Scipo, who possesses a sweet soprano voice, and pleased her hearers in two songs: "Flight of Ages," Bevan; and Moir's "The Songs the Children sing."

H.R.H. the Hereditary Princess of Saxe-Meiningen, Royal Princess of Prussia.

BY MARIE WURM.

HAVE been asked to write a short biographical sketch about the grand-daughter of our Queen, specially for the MAGAZINE OF MUSIC. In fulfilling this request, however, I fear my simple words can hardly give my interested readers an exact idea of the true character of the Princess, although the task of writing will be a labour of love. I assure you it is not so easy to write personal items about a member of Royalty, because to write truthfully, yet discreetly, and to avoid flattery—in fact, to render a true, faithful picture in "black and white" without fear of offending, or of seeking to win royal favour—one needs an amount of tact.

There appeared last year (June 17, 1893), in *The Gentlewoman*, a very well-written biographical sketch of the Princess, and as most statements in it were correct, I feel inclined to quote some here, although I am not acquainted with the author or authoress of the said article, who even did me the honour of mentioning my name also, in connection with the young Princess Feodora (only child of the Hereditary Prince and Princess of Saxe-Meiningen), who received for a short while musical instruction from me.

Extract from *The Gentlewoman*:—"The Prin-

cess Victoria Elizabeth Augusta Charlotte of Prussia was born at Potsdam, on July 24, 1860, as the eldest daughter of the late Emperor Frederick, and the Empress Frederick, then Crown Prince of Prussia, the Crown Princess being, at the time of her daughter's birth, not quite twenty years of age.

"There was great joy in the Prussian Royal Family over the birth of the little Princess, who was a very fine healthy baby, and just a year and seven months younger than her elder brother, the present Emperor William.

"The christening of the royal child took place with great ceremony, and, like her little niece (the baby-daughter and youngest child of the present Emperor William), she was given many sponsors, one of them being her grandmother, the Queen of England, from whom she received the name of Victoria, and another being the late Empress Augusta, then Queen of Prussia.

"Little Princess Charlotte grew up a pretty child, with a very decided will of her own, and with extremely good abilities. Her special interest was in historical subjects, in which she continues to take a great interest.

"As regards amusements, she was, and still is, passionately fond of riding and travelling, and is a finished and daring horsewoman.

"When only sixteen years of age, the Princess Charlotte became engaged to Prince Bernhard of Saxe-Meiningen (the Hereditary Prince), who was nine years her senior, and who through his mother, who was a Princess of Prussia (the daughter of the late Prince Albrecht), is closely related to the House of Hohenzollern.

"The marriage took place at Berlin, on February 18, 1878, just twenty years after the marriage of the bride's father and mother.

"A year after the marriage, a little daughter was born to them, their only child, the Princess Feodora, for unfortunately, they have no son."

So far from *The Gentlewoman*.

The Princess Charlotte lived, until last year, in Berlin, where the Prince held the position of Major-General and Commander of the Prussian 4th Infantry Brigade.

Now, however, the Prince is Commander of the 22nd Infantry Division at Cassel, and there, at the Fürstenhof, the Prince and Princess spend most of the winter.

Their palace at Meiningen, which they frequently revisit as often as the Prince's duties permit, is a delightful residence, inhabited during the absence of her parents by the young Princess Feodora, her governess and suite. Next spring, the Princess will be confirmed, and as she has been brought up in a simple and judicious manner, her parents have thought it wise not to allow her to lose any of her regular instruction and lessons this winter: therefore her residence in Meiningen.

The Hereditary Princess of Saxe-Meiningen, when at Berlin, played a great rôle in Society, and frequently represented the Empress when Her Majesty's health prevented her from taking part at Court functions; and certainly none of the family of Hohenzollern have a more royal, dignified manner than the Princess Charlotte. She is also quite the beauty of the family, being the handsomest, cleverest, wittiest, and most fascinating of the Empress Frederick's daughters. But this would not render her so dear to those who know her well and intimately, were it not for those traits of character with which she is blessed.

A more generous and kind heart could seldom be found for those who are in sorrow and trouble, for the Princess Charlotte never hesitates one second to prove herself a real and

true friend. Her faith in those she loves is unbounded, and nothing could possibly shake that faith.

"To be just and true" is the Princess's motto; many and many a time has she proved it, in spite of numerous disappointments which life has brought her as well as other mortals.

It would, I know, be of much interest to some of my readers, were I to indulge them by telling them more of the daily life and the habits of the Princess; but I fear these items would not be as appropriate in the MAGAZINE OF MUSIC as in a Society journal.

In my article, *Music amongst Royalty*, I made mention of the Princess's poetic and musical gifts. I would much have liked to quote some of her poems; but this I am not permitted to do, as the Princess is very modest about her own talents.

Both at Meiningen and at Cassel, Her Royal Highness has a grand Bechstein piano, and she is extremely fond of playing duets.

Her favourite composer is Richard Wagner, whose works she knows quite well, and on making an inspection of her musical library, I find the pianoforte scores of all his operas, and besides that, the five songs, of which *Im Treibhaus* is her favourite.

On Saturday, November 17, a grand "Richard Wagner" Concert took place at Meiningen, under the special patronage of the Princess, who indeed originated the idea: the entire proceeds of the Concert were given to sixty families who recently lost their all in consequence of a large fire which occurred at a small village near Meiningen. That the Concert proved a very great success goes without saying when I show you the programme.

HERZOGLICHES HOF-THEATER.
Conductor HERR STEINBACH.

PROGRAMME.

1. Kaiser-marsch (for Orchestra).
2. Five Songs : a, Der Engel; b, Stehe still; c, Im Treibhaus; d, Schmerzen; e, Träume. (Sung by Frau Rosa Sucher.)
3. a, Walküren-ritt; b, Wotans Abschied und Feuerzauber. (Sung by Herr Kammersänger Schwarz.)
4. Götterdämmerung ; a, Vorspiel ; b, Siegfrieds Tod und Trauer-marsch. (Sung by Frau Sucher, Herr Georg Anthes, and Herr Schwarz.)
5. Tristan and Isolde, Vorspiel and Isoldens Liebestod. (Sung by Frau Rosa Sucher.)
6. Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg : a, Vorspiel zum 3 Akt ; b, Monolog von Hans Sachs und letzte Scene (Fest Wiese); Walther von Stolzing; Herr Rauthes; Evchen; Frau Rosa Sucher; Hans Sachs : Herr Schwarz.

No less a personage than Johannes Brahms was also present at this Concert. He sat in the Duke of Meiningen's box, and was heard to speak in the highest terms of praise of the performance.

How much Frau Cosima Wagner appreciates the Hereditary Princess of Saxe-Meiningen's admiration and enthusiasm of Richard Wagner's works is proved by the following telegram, which the Princess received that same day. I am able by permission to give its exact contents.

"Ihr Königlichen Hoheit der Frau Erbprinzessin von Sachsen-Meiningen:—

"Dankbar gerührt durch gütiges Gedenken erlaubt ich mir die ehrengünstigste Versicherung der Treue und Ergebenheit Eurer Königlichen Hoheit gehorsamst zu entsenden."

COSIMA WAGNER.

Bayreuth, 4. 17 Nov. 1894.

A DRAMATIC version of Mr. Du Maurier's novel of "Trilby" is, by arrangement with the author, to be produced at Palmer's Theatre, New York. American managers seem to be more energetic than their London rivals.





ROYAL PRINCESS OF PRUSSIA.

H.R.H. THE HEREDITARY PRINCESS OF SAXE-MEININGEN.

Engraving by J. C. Stadler



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"At Home" Days in London.

To visit artistic people in their own houses on their "at home" days, and take notice of all that is going on, free from observation, has always been a great attraction for me. One hears and sees so much more on those days than one would on ordinary formal occasions, and one meets so many clever interesting people whom one would otherwise never or seldom come in contact with. I mean those regular "at home" days, on which host and hostess never know who may turn up. I cannot say that the usual London habit of the lady of the house alone being "at home" is very exciting. She hardly ever gets men-visitors, and if she does they are mostly of that sort who, having nothing to do, their talk and they are in consequence rather a bore. My first round of visits which I began since my return from abroad was on a Sunday afternoon, but a few weeks ago.

I think I may commence by stating that I had the honour to lunch with their Serene Highnesses the Prince and Princess Edward of Saxe-Weimar, at their residence in Portland Place, on that day. After this I called on Sir Joseph and Lady Barnby. There I saw only Lady Barnby and her pretty daughter Muriel, both making themselves agreeable all round to their guests. As it was their "day at home," I made a note of all the people who came and went during the time I had my cup of tea. There came Madame Medora Henson, who seemed of most charming personality, and she was on the eve of going to Mrs. Ronalds' to sing at her house at her "at home." Mrs. Ronalds, who is, by the way, the great friend of Sir Arthur Sullivan, is one of those fascinating hostesses who understand the art of making their house the centre of great charm. Signor Albert Randegger came next on the list at Lady Barnby's, looking pleased and in good humour. Miss Vereker came just as I was leaving. Signor Albert and his wife had been there just when I entered. If I am not mistaken, the son of Madame Marie Roze-Mapleson was also there. He shows, I am told, great musical talent, but is not intending to become a professional.

My next cup of tea I drank at 8o, Elm Park Gardens, Chelsea, the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Felix Moscheles.

I had not been to their new house before, so was agreeably surprised at the quaintness of the house, and especially of the studio. When one enters the latter, one is standing on a balcony, and has to go down steps to mix with the general throng. There seemed a great many people who were all standing, there not being enough seats, I fancy, to accommodate them all. I had hardly been greeted by hostess and host when I took a survey of the people present. I saw, first of all, genial kind-hearted Mr. David Bispham. Then little Jeanne Douste, the "Gretel," whom I had last seen some years ago abroad as a wee child in socks, with a white dress and pink sash, playing remarkably well the piano. She and her elder sister Louise, who was quite a mother to her, were then staying at the house of a mutual friend, the late Baroness de Guaita, a rather eccentric but kindhearted lady of Baden-Baden and Frankfurt fame, who was devoted to having artists staying with her during the season. We—that is, a goodly number of artists, amongst them, Herr von Zur Mühlen, Herr Hugo Heermann, and Herr Hugo Becker—spent many a delightful hour at the beautiful house of the said lady, whose greatest aim was to have royalty take notice of her. The late Emperor William took tea regularly once a

year at the Baroness's summer residence, and I remember well how each time that special cup was washed by her own hands and securely locked away. She was an odd lady in many ways; but, though I could tell volumes, I am drifting away from my principal subject, so I must return. Miss Esther Palliser, with her father, next took up my attention. She was asked to sing, which she did, choosing two French songs: the first I did not know, the second was Chopin's celebrated Mazurka, to which Madame Viardot-Garcia, of Paris, set the words: "Aime-moi." A youth accompanied this remarkably well. I well know how to appreciate that, for I accompanied that song at a good many of the 60 concerts when I was on tour with Mdlle. Alice Barbi. Mr. Whitney Mockridge, the American tenor, next sang two songs: one I knew not, the other was Jensen's "Murmelndes Lüftchen." His voice sounded very sweet. The next excitement was my own appearance at the pianoforte. I was asked to improvise, so sat down and improvised a "nocturne." I do not think a quarter of those present knew that I had improvised and not practised up the piece. Then Mr. Moscheles placed one of his paintings on the piano—a girl with a sad face. Mr. Richard Hovey, an American poet, next gave a recitation, and his wife, Mrs. Henrietta Hovey, improvised a short lecture on gesture: Mr. and Mrs. Hovey are a most interesting couple. Mrs. Hovey is a most fascinating and exceedingly clever woman: her face is so interesting, and her gracefulness remarkable. I am told that most of the American singers in London go to her to learn the art of gesture. It sounds funny, but there certainly is, on close reflection, a great deal to be learnt as to the manner of how we say and do things. A shake of the hand can express a great deal. The way we say "How do you do?" also. I feel very much interested in Mrs. Hovey's remark, and hope later on to say more about her and her husband. A celebrated Russian Socialist, whose name I could not remember, was another guest; then I also met Mr., Mrs., and the Misses Heyermans. Mr. Heyermans is a well-known artist on whose works I hope to write a special article.

Since writing this I have been to several "At Homes," but where every one was invited formally.

At the house of Miss Eugenie Joachim (a niece of the great violinist), I heard Countess Valda Gleichen sing some of Brahms' songs. Her beautiful voice seems specially suited to his style of compositions, and I hope that ere long Countess Valda will carry out my proposal of her giving a concert with mostly Brahms' songs. There are so many that are perfectly understandable to an English amateur audience, if English amateurs would try and look for and study them. There are surely a quantity of beautiful songs of Schumann, Schubert, and Franz abounding, that it seems incomprehensible how any one with common sense can listen to, and even worse sing, all the rubbish which "last-week composers" (as I heard some one say the other day) write. The idiotic words with nothing poetic or beautiful in them, and the so-called "easy" (because mostly without runs, and, of course, in C major) accompaniments to a common tune, such are the songs which the British public delights in, and buys. One single glance at the music-case of most "Society ladies" will verify what I say. I am, alas, only a pianiste, but I am too musical not to feel sorry for all the heavenly music which

might give so much pleasure to so many. I take it though, that it is the fault also of many teachers; they should not recommend rubbish. I hear some say, "We do not know German." Then learn it, is my answer. I know that if I had the faintest suspicion of a voice I would sing nothing but "good" music. I do not mean long weary so-called "classical songs"—oh no, I too love bright melodious music. But I would not choose many of the songs that appear in London, and are published by London publishers, nowadays. There are some charming songs by Dr. Hubert Parry, and by many other *real* musicians, which are left out in the cold to make way for trumpery ones. If amateurs would study a little more, the accompaniments would not be too difficult; I heard a very excellent tenor also at Miss Joachim's (the latter, by the way, is most successful in teaching the pronunciation of German songs to amateurs, or even to those artists who do not know enough of the German language). Herr Hugo Heintz is one of the foremost tenors at present in London, and I am sure his next appearance (I believe at the Richter Concerts) will bring him the due recognition.

At the "at home" of Lady Thompson (wife of Sir Henry), I heard the other day Mdlle. Ilona Eibenschütz play some solos—a gavotte by Eugen D'Albert and a piece by Gernsheim, I believe. Her playing interested me because I had not heard her before. But she was not the only pianiste; there was young Adela Verne whose playing was appreciated by every one present. I cannot say much about her to-day, because, in the first place, she is my own sister, and I might be accused of having too much family pride. But she is remarkably gifted, and will, I trust, soon be able to win her laurels at London concerts. Herr von Dulong was the vocalist, and sang with much feeling some of Schumann's songs. Master Dawson was another welcome addition to the programme—a boy with a beautifully expressive voice; but how any one can make a child sing the song, "My Lady Sleeps," I cannot imagine. The song is tuneful, but the continuous repetition of these three words is too dreadfully tiring. His mother recited very cleverly. I am, however, not in favour of drawing-room recitations.

I met Mdlle. Chaminade the other afternoon at Mrs. Emile Enoch's, and spent a most interesting time with her, although it was I who was playing nearly the whole time, not she. She wrote down a theme in G sharp minor (a double fugue) for me to improvise on, and watched my doing it very closely. As her stay in London is so short, I am unable to see much of her, but when she comes in June again, there will be a chance of my divulging some of her musical secrets. She is very interesting, but rather quiet and reserved; I am looking forward to many more interesting musical talks with her. Mdlle. Landi I also met there, whom I have not yet had the good fortune to hear sing, but as rumours go I am told that she is one of the best singers in London just now.

On another "at home" day of Miss Joachim's I met Giulietta, the daughter of Signor Ardit, (who would not remember "Il bacio," Ardit's waltz). I think it is, and was, the most popular waltz once upon a time, all over the world. Clara Eissler, that clever young harpist of whom I have a very high opinion, was also at Miss Joachim's. To my mind she is one of the best harpists of the day.

Next time I shall be able to tell more about the homes of those who have "at-home" days. Invitations are plentiful just now, and I have been out nearly every day, but I doubt whether there are many such houses in London as Mr.

and Mrs. Alma Tadema's, and Mr. and Mrs. Felix Moscheles's, where all sorts and conditions of clever men and women come together weekly and give proofs of their talent in an unassuming and delightful manner.

If there are, I hope in time to know of them. It is my own great ambition some day to be able to draw clever men and women, not only musicians, to my salon; but I will have only the best and cleverest,—though they need not be "professionals."

M. A. J. W.

Calls on Celebrities.

NO. I. THE MUSIC HALL STAR.



MR. LIONEL DODSON lives away in a quiet neighbourhood not far from Forest Hill; and on a bright frosty morning, not long ago, I alighted at the nearest railway station, and started off in the direction of the house where he resides, for the purpose of keeping an appointment with the celebrated "vocal comedian."

"Here," thought I, as I walked briskly along the pleasant roads, and revelled in the crisp country air, "is another artiste whose round of life leads him into the vortex of gaiety and excitement, but who loves to slip away from the scenes of his triumphs, and spend his few spare hours "in the calm contemplation of Nature."

"Lal Dodson," as the great man I was about to visit chooses to style himself, was in the hey-day of popularity. His name rang through London as the author and singer of "Pussy left a whisker in the old top-hat," "Hi-di-fal-de-tiro," and other popular gems, the melodies of which formed the repertoire of every barrel-organ and circus band in the country.

It was whispered that "Lal" had been a hair-dresser's apprentice before he entered "the profession," and that his *chef-d'œuvre*, which had been the means of introducing him to an admiring public, had been composed in the cutting-room, the tune shaping itself to the rhythm of the scissors. It was to enquire into the truth of this, and to gather reminiscences of a brilliant

career, that I had undertaken my journey to Forest Hill.

In response to my enquiry for Mr. Dodson, the landlady herself appeared, and conducted me upstairs to a comfortable room, and after informing me that the gentleman would be with me in a few minutes, left me alone.

I had heard stories of music-hall singers who studied Bach and played Chopin, and a glance round Mr. Dodson's room told me that these stories, about which hitherto I had been a little sceptical, were not altogether without foundation.

The apartment had the appearance of a study rather than an ordinary sitting-room. An open piano stood in one corner, with a volume of Schubert on the desk. In another corner was a well-stocked book-case, containing many standard musical works, Sir George Grove's Dictionary, and other books of reference. I scanned the writing table which occupied the centre of the room. Here I expected to find some traces of the comic muse, but no! A work on Instrumentation, and a pile of unused manuscript paper were the chief things I noticed. Even the pictures on the walls had no apparent reference to "the Halls," and I was just admiring an admirable etching of no less a personage than the great master of Bayreuth, when the door opened, and a pleasant voice said, "How do you do? I am sorry to have kept you, but—"

"Pray do not apologise," I interrupted, taking the hand held out to me. "Your absence has given me the opportunity of looking round your room, and making a few notes of its contents—an interviewer's privilege, you know."

If I had been surprised at his surroundings, I was equally surprised at my host himself. He did not address me as "dear boy"; his whole manner was reserved rather than familiar. He was quietly dressed, wore no jewellery, and his hair was not parted in the middle. It was as easy to imagine the Archbishop of Canterbury delivering a stump speech, or General Booth executing a step-dance, as to believe that the individual who stood before me was the man who had convulsed all London by his inimitable rendering of the not too recherche ballads with which the name of Lal Dodson had become inseparably associated.

"So you want to interview me?" said my new friend. "May I enquire where you heard of me?"

"You should rather ask where I have *not* heard of you."

"Indeed."

"Yes. That last—er—composition (I didn't know what to call it) of yours has caught on so outrageously, that—well, you are a made man."

"Am I really? I am delighted to hear you say so. Now, perhaps you will tell me what you think of my little work yourself?"

"Immense, my dear sir—excruciatingly funny."

"Funny!" repeated my host, in a tone of surprise which rather nonplussed me.

"Well—er—perhaps I should say original; it is certainly strikingly original." Then I thought it wise to change the subject. "Will you tell me something about yourself? Were you trained for a professional career; or did you, as many others have done, drift gradually into your present line of life?"

asked this in as careless a manner as I could assume, for I felt that I was on delicate ground.

"My position to-day is the result of a mere accident," was the reply. "The hair-dresser story is true after all," was my mental comment. Mr. Dodson proceeded. "I made my first

public appearance in church, you know. Here is a sketch of myself at the organ."

I smiled, not so much at the joke, but because I thought I was expected to smile. But when my host handed me a drawing, and I saw him actually portrayed in all the glory of surplice and hood, I laughed outright. Once more he looked astonished, and once more I turned the conversation into another channel.

"Where did you study singing?" I asked.

"Singing?" It was his turn to be amused now.

"Would you believe it? I never sang a note in my life."

This was awkward. Although I was disposed to agree that the ordinary rendition of music-hall songs could scarcely be described as "singing," I was not quite prepared to say so.

"You are really too modest, Mr. Dodson," I retorted.

"Pardon me, Dobson."

"Dobson? Didn't I say Dodson?"

"Dobson, sir! DOBSON, with a B." He gave me a card and I read, "Mr. Arthur Dobson, Mus. Bac., Oxon."

"But Dodson," I said, utterly bewildered.

"Who is he?"

"If you mean Dodson, the music-hall man, he is the fellow downstairs."

I jumped up from my chair before the words were out of his mouth. The situation was plain enough now.

"My dear sir," I said, "a thousand apologies. There has been a mistake—a terrible mistake.

Will you allow me to continue this interview another day? At present my business is, so far as I can understand, with the fellow downstairs."

With a quiet smile he rose and opened the door for me.

"I hear him talking now," he said. "You could distinguish Dodson's voice anywhere."

He was giving instructions to the landlady, and we overheard him say, "I expected one of those magazine fellows this morning, but I can't wait any longer for him. Does he think I spend the whole day looking at nothing and nobody out here in this wilderness? Tell him, if he comes, he must look me up in town. Ugh! I have let two trains go already."

So saying, Mr. Lionel Dodson threw himself out of the house.

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Musical "Experiments" at the Zoo.

MR. C. J. CORNISH has been making musical experiments on various kinds of animals at the Zoological Gardens, and he tells us all about the results in a very interesting book, which he calls "Life at the Zoo." The subject is not new, although the idea of "experimenting" certainly is. Even the Psalmist was aware that some animals like music, and that some don't. He makes a suggestive simile of the deaf adder that stoppeth her ears—by the way, why should a *deaf* adder need to stop her ears?—and refuseth to hear the voice of the charmer, charm he never so wisely. And then you know how Job's horse "stood not still when the trumpet soundeth," but was stirred by the blast, even as Philip Sidney might be and was.

And, of course, the question of how music tells upon the brute world is a topic of frequent illustration in miscellaneous literature. Shakespeare is full of allusions to the subject; people even credit him with saying that "music hath charms to soothe the savage beast," although he said nothing of the kind. Wordsworth's Danish boy suits the melody of his harp to "words of a forgotten tongue," and is the darling and the joy of flocks upon the neighbouring hill. "As sheep loveth piping," says a fourteenth century writer, "therefore shepherds useth pipes when they walk with their sheep"; and some other ancient declares that ploughmen and carters when they whistle do not so much please themselves as their oxen and horses. Many dogs, we know, will bark or howl at the strains of a melodeon; others protest against piano playing (herein is the true wisdom), while few can endure in silence a succession of strains in the minor key. In their companionship at Naples, Sir Walter Scott always noticed a favourite dog of Sir William Gell's, which was in the habit of howling when loud music was being performed; and Sir William relates that Scott would laugh till his eyes were full of tears at the idea of the dog singing "My mother bids me bind my hair," by the tune of which the animal seemed most excited. Cats, too, are influenced by music, and many cases are on record of their fondness for piano playing, while violin music often stirs them to emulation. The Scandinavian seal-hunter takes advantage of the fact that the seal's sense of hearing is so acute, and his love for music so great, that a few notes from a flute will bring scores of seals to the surface in a minute or two. "If I had but a fiddle," says Gentleman Waife, "I would undertake to make friends with that reserved and unsocial water-rat,"—on whom Waife's dog had been endeavouring to force an acquaintance. Swift has told us that mice are afraid of bass violins and fiddles because these are strung with *catgut*; but according to Addison, the Pied Piper—he of Mr. Browning's muse—"made all the mice of a great town in Germany follow his music, and by that means cleared the place of these noxious little animals." *En passant*, here is a hint for our northern farmers, who have been suffering recently from the vole plague! Only, when the music is "on," there must be no ladies present to lift their skirts and cry "Mon Dieu!" Madame Polko tells us of Mendelssohn playing the *Kreutzer* with Rietz one night at Berlin, and how all present were reverentially listening, when a little mouse glided out of a corner and sat in the midst of the circle motionless, as if spell-bound. She has no doubt that

it would have so remained till the playing ceased, had not one of the ladies present made "an abrupt gesture of horror" and caused a commotion which "eventuated" in the flight of the mouse. He must have been a very well-bred little fellow, that mouse. But here we are, keeping Mr. Cornish waiting all this time!

Well, Mr. Cornish having resolved on his "experiments," and having got the consent of the management to make them, he prepared to give our friends at the Zoo a real musical treat. It was no part of his programme to torture the animals with inferior music, so he obtained the services of a first-class violinist from one of our leading orchestras. With this violinist he went to the abode of the snakes, and the musician, hidden from the sight of his audience, began to play. Let us hear Mr. Cornish himself on the result:

"The dweller on the threshold of the snakes' home is the monster lizard, an active and formidable saurian, some five feet in length, whose watchful habits were said to give notice of the approach of the crocodile. It did not belie its reputation for watchfulness, for the instant it heard the sounds of the violin through its opened door it raised its head and stood alert and listening. Then the forked tongue came out and played incessantly round its lips; soft, slow music followed, and the lizard became quite still, except for a gentle swaying of the head from side to side."

Some black snakes in the same cage were similarly affected, although they were slower to show their appreciation. At first they raised their heads, waving them from side to side, in an apparent endeavour to ascertain whence the sounds came. Having made up their minds, they set out one after another for the source, and nosed up and down the wall in the manner peculiar to serpents. A big boa constrictor, who had been asleep for some few days, uncurled himself preparatory to taking a glide all around the cage. Suddenly the violinist swept his bow across the strings in a harsh and loud discord. The black snakes dropped their heads and made for the farther corner. The boa stopped short and evinced an inclination to hurt somebody. As for the lizard, he executed a startled flop and scuttled off with an air of disgust and alarm, declining thereafter to be coaxed back by the most alluring airs. His trust had been basely betrayed, and he evidently didn't propose to put himself again in a position where he would be made a subject for practical jokes.

Selections from *William Tell* were tried upon the sheep and goats, and, not being Wagnerites, they were immensely pleased with the music. At the "Shepherd's Call" they sniffed the air inquiringly, and crowded up to the bars in a compact bunch. When the music stopped they at once demanded an encore, with a great acclaim of bleating and baaing. A lively measure brought them all back to the bars again, except a few of the goats, who frisked about in the liveliest fashion, only to stop short with the cessation of the music.

The next to be entertained was the wild boar. When a lively jig reached his ears he simply got up and snorted with surprise. At first he was very suspicious, probably because the music reminded him of the hunters' horns which had sounded the death blast to thousands of his race. Presently, however, he calmed down, observing no designs upon his life following the music, and as the latter went on he drew nearer and nearer to the player, until finally he poked his nose between the bars. He was quite evidently disappointed when the musician went on to visit the Indian elephant. They tried on him the same music that had so pleased the boar. It

didn't please him, and he lost no time in showing it neither. At the first strain he flapped his ears and elevated his trunk. The music went right on, and the elephant got very mad about it. He swung his trunk viciously; he switched his rony tail about so fast that it looked like a misplaced halo; he danced around with ponderous agility, and finally he lifted up his voice and trumpeted with such a tremendous protest of rage and disgust that the musician got timid and stopped playing. It was very evident that the elephant wouldn't have violin music.

The bears were the most delighted of all with the fiddle. With the first tone from the strings every denizen of the cage was all attention. A full chord acted on these bears like a galvanic battery. They fairly leaped in the air and went scrambling for the bars, where they stood erect listening with all their ears. First they would cock their heads on one side, then on the other, and then they would look at each other with an appearance of saying: "Now, that's what I call good music. What execution! what expression!" The wolves, on the other hand, showed that they were of those who have no music in their souls. The art of the violinist spread consternation among them, although some of the foxes in the cage didn't mind the music. This experiment Mr. Cornish himself sets down as follows:

"The common European wolf set up its back and wrinkled its lips into a fixed and hideous sneer, showing all its teeth to the gums, with its tail between its legs. The Indian wolf showed signs of extreme and abject fear. It trembled violently, its fur was erected, and cowering down until its body almost touched the ground it retreated to the farthest corner of the cage. When the music was played at the back of the cage, where the musician was invisible, its alarm was in no degree abated. It crept to the door to listen, and then sprang back and cowered against the bars in front of the cage, and so continued in alternate spasms of curiosity and fear. The jackals and some of the wilder foxes were not less alarmed than the wolves. The female jackals ran back to their inner den and hid themselves. The male erected its fur until it appeared as rough as an Esquimaux dog, and crept backward and forward with its lips curled back, opening and shutting its mouth, growling whenever a strong discordant note was struck. The scene at this time was extremely amusing. The prairie wolves next door sat down to listen, the African jackals sat on a shelf and watched, and the performance was overlooked from a distance by a nervous but highly interested row of foxes, of different sizes and colours. It was like a picture from an illustrated edition of *Aesop's Fables*. The foxes in the larger cages came forward readily to listen to the music, though the usual experiment of striking a discord startled them greatly. But the rough fox from Demerara, in a small cage behind the building, was so violently alarmed that the keeper requested that the music might cease for fear the creature should have a fit, to which ailment it appears that foxes and wolves are very subject."

One might follow Mr. Cornish in still further detail, but this would be unfair to him and to the bookseller. There is, however, one suggestion we should like to make. Mr. Cornish's experiments have proved that certain animals like the violin and that certain animals do not. It is quite likely that with another instrument the results would be entirely different. Let the matter be tested. Let a piano, for instance, be taken around the Zoo, and let the effects be noted in the same careful way as they were noted with the violin. If the pianist does not rouse the lions—especially with a Liszt rhapsody—we

shall be surprised. Or, again, let a banjo be tried. The English cow is said to show a marked preference for this instrument, and it is just probable that the elephant who could not stand the fiddle might shed tears of joy when he heard the banjo. Even the barrel-organ might be used to experiment with, and it is possible to put in a word for the trombone. In any case the results so far, while highly interesting, are obviously the outcome of an experiment which is in no sense complete.

The Composer of "Hansel and Gretel."

THE papers have been flooded with small talk about the composer of *Hansel and Gretel*. The talk has, of course, been more or less inaccurate; but we have now the means of correcting it, for Humperdinck has written his own biography. Here it is as printed in the *Lyra*:

"My father," says the composer, "was a teacher at the Gymnasium at Siegberg, and there I was born on September 1, 1845. While quite young my musical taste received the encouragement it deserved, and I pursued my studies while not neglecting my education in general. When I was sixteen years of age, I passed my examination at the Gymnasium at Paderborn, in which city I gained much musical experience by taking part in the exercises of the Domchapel and with the 'Music Verein.' Ferdinand Hiller, to whom I had submitted several of my compositions, as well as my own predilection, determined me to give up the study of architecture, and to take up music as a profession. In accordance with this I spent four years in the Music School at Cologne, studying harmony and composition with Hiller, Gernsheim and Jensen; piano with Hompesch, Seisz and Mertke, and violoncello with Rensburg and Ebert.

"At the end of my studies in Cologne, the prize for the Mozart Institution at Frankfort was presented to me, with a free scholarship at Munich, under Lachner, to whom I was recommended by Hiller. I also visited there the Royal Musical School during the two years of my sojourn, to perfect myself in piano playing with Baermann, in organ playing with Hiller, and in thorough bass with Rheinberger. I availed myself during my stay in Munich of the advantages accorded—privileges given to attend theatres, the concerts, and the performances of the Royal Vocal Choir. My attendance at the Royal Musical School gave me the opportunity to direct and also to bring out several of my large and small compositions, of which two, a *Humoreske* for orchestra, and a chorus *Wallfath nach Kevlaar*, received the first prize of the Mendelssohn Institute of Berlin. This prize included an amount of money to defray expenses of travel, which gave me the advantage of a visit to Italy, and to enrich my experience. While in Rome I made the acquaintance, among other notable artists, of the Italian composer Sgambati; more important for the future was my meeting with Richard Wagner at Villa d'Angri, near Naples, in the spring, 1880. The master invited me to settle in Bayreuth, for the purpose of making a copy of the score to *Parsifal*, which opera had not been heard at that time, and to lend my assistance in preparing the first 'Bühnenweih-festspiel.' As a

matter of course I followed this call with enthusiasm, and came the following year to Bayreuth.

"The Committee of the local 'Musik Verein,' offered me the leadership, and as its leader—in conjunction with a mixed chorus which I organised—I gave a number of concerts during the season of 1881-2. The programmes consisted of symphonies and chorus works, also chamber-music works. Meanwhile the *Parsifal* score was finished, and the preparation for the Festival plays in 1882 took up much of my time. I also had the good fortune to organize from the public schools of Bayreuth a boys' choir, which, after two months' rehearsals, was very useful during the performances that summer under my direction.

"After the close of the Festival plays I was awarded, for some compositions which I had sent in, by the Royal Academy of Arts in Berlin, the prize of the Meyerbeer Institute, with a privilege of visiting, free of expense, Italy France and Spain. My sojourn in Paris was made interesting and important by the introductions I had received from Franz Liszt, and to which I owed acquaintance with Saint-Saëns, Madame Viardot, Iwan Turgenjew, and later on with Lamoureux, Benoit, the 'Cercle Saint-Simon,' and invitations to the Conservatory concerts.

"Richard Wagner shortly before his death called me to Venice, where he then was, for the purpose of bringing out his C major symphony in the Liceo 'Benedetto Marcello.' His intention to obtain for me the leadership of this musical institute had no sequel in consequence of the great political excitement which was brought about by the execution of Oberdank, and which also turned public sentiment against Germany.

"With the exception of a short interruption through sickness, I was occupied during the following few years partly with composition and arrangements of compositions, partly with the festival plays at Bayreuth, as well as with the royal representations of *Parsifal* at Munich as before. In the fall of 1885 I accepted a call to Barcelona for the purpose of reorganizing the Liceo Conservatory after the German pattern, and to assume the leadership of the Conservatory concerts. I found the musical situation much neglected, as it is everywhere else in Spain; also, the opposition I met with from the jealous native faculty made me dissatisfied with my position, which I relinquished in the summer of 1886, to accept a similar position at the Conservatory in Cologne, where I taught theory and directed the two lower chorus classes.

An offer from the music house of B. Schott, in Mayence, to arrange old works for publication induced me to give up my position in Cologne the following year, and to move to Mayence. The first work there was the dramatic and musical rewriting of Auber's fairy opera, *Le Cheval de Bronzé*, which had its first representation on November 10th, 1889 at Carlsruhe. Of my compositions *Das Glück von Edenhall* and *Die Wallfahrt nach Kevlaar* had had much success with singing societies."

Since 1890 Humperdinck has lived in Frankfort, where he teaches in the Conservatoire, and acts as musical critic for one of the local journals. For the score of *Hansel and Gretel* he got £1,500. He receives 7½ per cent. on the receipts, so that now he is enjoying the modest little income of £400 per week in royalties. It is said that he has refused £1000 for two years' royalties at Vienna alone. Happy Humperdinck!

"CANDIDA" is the title of a play which has been completed by Mr. Bernard Shaw. Its production will be eagerly anticipated.

Music for Bayswater.

REMEMBERED a Miss Isabel Hirschfeld who played at Miss Maud McCarthy's concert in May last year; I remembered that the same lady gave an exceedingly delightful piano recital in Queen's Hall a month later; but it had not occurred to me that the lady who was conducting a sort of musical mission to benighted too-West-enders was the very talented artist I had twice heard. However, as soon as I was shown into her drawing-room, in — Street, — Square, W., I found I had this advantage over Miss Hirschfeld—that I knew her perfectly well, whereas she had not the remotest idea who I was. Those of my readers who have lately achieved a burglary or poisoned their neighbour's cat will know what a glorious thing it is not to be known. When Wagner got up to monkey-tricks in Dresden and had to bolt for it, the police were able to print bills describing him down to his smallest vices; but I might blow the House of Lords and the House of Commons into one mere nebulous cloud, and then with perfect safety call at Scotland Yard and ask for a police escort home, for I am not known. I shall be presently, however, as the most inveterate twaddler in Christendom; so I will cease, and tell you what I said to Miss Hirschfeld, and what she took the opportunity of saying to me in the intervals when I was out of breath.

"First," quoth I, "will you tell me something about yourself—where you were educated, and so forth?"

"Musically educated, I suppose you mean?" retorted Miss Hirschfeld. "In Berlin, of course Klindworth was my teacher, after a year with Moszkowsky, during his (Klindworth's) absence in America. I was at the school directed by the former, and after studying some years became a professor there," and Miss Hirschfeld pointed to a photograph of the staff, where she is to be seen in her professorial capacity.

"Did you have to follow any particular method there?"

"None whatever. Klindworth takes each pupil, and tries to make the best of him or her, and thus you are not compelled to go back to the very beginning of things as you are if you put yourself under any of the method-mad teachers."

"Then—it is a vexed question at present—do you consider it better to study abroad than in London?"

"Well," answered Miss Hirschfeld, "both have certain advantages, but I think they are mainly on the side of going abroad. It isn't only the teaching—it is the musical atmosphere of the place—the student life—that makes it so enchanting and favourable to the growth of one's powers. You can make up your mind at six o'clock in the evening or later to go to the opera; when you get there, you are amongst your friends; when it is over, you reach home comfortably in a few minutes. Here, you must book days before; start an hour or more before the performance begins; so few really musical people attend that you see scarcely a score of acquaintances; and you reach home, fagged out, in the early hours of the morning!"

Same with many concerts, thought I; and that reminded me of something, so I asked—

"I suppose, then, you are trying with your scheme of chamber-music concerts in Bayswater to fetch music to the doors of the hundreds of people who cannot or will not go so far as St. James's Hall to seek it?"





*Yours faithfully
Arnold Dolmetsch*

"That is it exactly," said Miss Hirschfeld. "The place was originated by Mr. Norman V. Norman. When I came across it, it seemed that something on a much smaller scale was thought of, but we soon changed that. See!" and I am handed a circular, where I read that:—"It is proposed to give a series of subscription concerts, in the Victoria Hall, beginning in December next, with the idea of providing good music—both vocal and instrumental—in this neighbourhood for those who find it impossible to attend the concerts given at the West-End Halls. The programmes will include selections from classical and modern masters. It is suggested that each concert should last for an hour and a half to two hours. To enable the committee to judge whether such a series of concerts would be successful, those willing to subscribe are requested to sign the attached form, and to return it to any one of the following ladies and gentlemen: Miss Isabel Hirschfeld, 53, Burlington Road, W.; Miss Noona Macquoid, 34, Gledshane Road, West Kensington; Miss Florence Shee, 18, Arundel Gardens, W.; Mr. John Morley, 9, Addison Road, North; Mr. Norman V. Norman, 172, Kensington Park Road." The subscription for the whole series of six concerts is only half a guinea; the programmes are excellent, and the artists all people who are rapidly making names for themselves, besides several vocal and instrumental "stars." It only remained to wish Miss Hirschfeld all success; and having done this, I ran away, blushing to think of the amount of talking I had done. There is one consolation: I can report Miss Hirschfeld, but there was no one there to report me! I may add at the next concert, on February 22 (it will be over, of course, before this reaches my readers), Moszkowsky's Ballade for violin and piano, and Raff's "Metamorphosen" for piano solo, will be played.

J. F. R.

has been attempted repeatedly; but it has been inadequate, chiefly through the failure of the makers to grasp the relative position of the ancient to the modern types. Most justly has Mr. Herbert Horne, in his interesting article on "Bach and the Harpsichord," in the *Saturday Review*, condemned this attitude of modern restorers, whose productions he describes as being oft "chattering ghosts of their former selves." An attempt, for example, to insist on the direct outcome of the concert grand of to-day from the harpsichord, and other types of the old *Clavicembalo* group, has resulted in a regrettable sacrifice of original tone delicacy and beauty. A grievous mistake is made in confusing the two, which were avoided in the first place by the merest glance at their differences of structure.

Thus we find that the family of old keyed and stringed instruments, more especially the harpsichord and clavichord, have been much misunderstood. Till quite recently, the reputed varieties of tone-colouring possible on these, with their marvellous elasticity of action, that fired the technique of our forefathers, have been so buried that we had almost disbelieved in them. But the veil of our ignorance is at last lifted by one who has not only made of the subject a life study, but has joined exhaustive research to practical experience, book-lore to handicraft. Mr. Dolmetsch is a well-known authority on the subject of old stringed instruments, and, in introducing him to our readers, it is only to be regretted that a limited space admits only of a very slight sketch of the exquisite work of one who is in all senses an artist first and a specialist after.

In a long narrow room, with a low platform at the upper end, I found Mr. Arnold Dolmetsch, in the house in Dulwich which has been the scene of so many of his unique music meetings.

By the subdued lamplight, one was dimly conscious of a host of silent musical instruments of the olden time, hung on the walls, or resting in their cases on the floor. But what struck the eye on entering was the row of Puritan-like white wood chairs, with rush seats, ranged face to face, posed as for a solemn Sir Roger de Coverley, down the length of the room. One of these we each appropriated, my host and I, after exchanging the usual greetings, while a workman in the further corner went on busily with the varnishing of a new clavichord.

"My concerts?" said Mr. Dolmetsch. "Ah, there's the hard point. This is the first time I have seriously considered inviting the interest of the general public in my work. Hitherto I have neither advertised my concerts of old music nor employed any musical agent. However, I arranged to give four public concerts during January and February, and had secured the Salle Erard, when the County Council put its veto on all paid entertainments in that building. The whole thing is incomprehensible. As you know the place was only opened last year, and has been in constant requisition for every class of good chamber concert. As to its suitability for my concerts, no more ideal room could be found. I was delighted with the effect at the invitation concerts I recently gave there; my lutes, viols, and harpsichords never sounded to better advantage. The whole surroundings, too, are artistic. The hard part of it is that the Licensing Committee do not condemn it as unsafe; its security and suitability pass unchallenged—yet the license is refused. You see, it simply comes to this: I cannot now even give, for money, a performance in this very room in my own house. In the same way all drawing-room concerts, including those given at such places as Grosvenor House, are

forbidden. The consequence is that concert givers must fight for the limited number of halls already licensed, and many of them will be crowded out. I was thus only able to give two concerts at the small Queen's Hall, the only room that is suitable. Ridiculous? Indeed, there are moments when I cannot help laughing at the probable results of this extraordinary new regulation. But it is none the less incomprehensible.

"Now I should like to show you some of my collection."

"But that clavichord is new. Do you then make instruments on old lines—copy them?"

"Certainly; I work after the old models, and the best obtainable; but *I don't believe in copying anything!* Each piece of work I do differs from the last, though based on the same general principles."

The sentence in italics is very characteristic of Mr. Dolmetsch, and of his entire *modus operandi*.

"I have old instruments, too, of course," went on my host. "See, here is an interesting object"—he took down from its place on the wall an old stringed instrument—"my first *viol d'amore*. I had always been interested in violins, and had studied them to a certain extent in the Conservatoire at Brussels. Well, I bought this one, examined it, and found, of course, it was all out of order. I repaired it, and hunted up music for it, but my search was not fruitful, for, oddly enough, there is very little music written for this viol. However, I found all sorts of other music, compositions for *viol da gamba*, for tenor and bass violins and lutes, and soon I was gradually drawn into this line of study."

"You must have ransacked half the libraries in Europe?"

"No, not quite that. I keep my eyes open for everything that bears on my work—books, engravings, and so forth; but my chief source of knowledge has been the British Museum. I had first to find and repair the instruments and seek the music, next to hunt out and instruct the players. I may say I have literally built up my work step by step."

"The labour must have been enormous? Had you, then, no previous education which indicated this departure?"

"Perhaps I can hardly say 'No' to that. My father was a pianoforte maker, and I doubtless imbibed my love of construction and my preliminary knowledge of the art from his work when I was a boy. We came originally from Stuttgart, and the name has for many centuries been associated with music. In 1804, my grandfather, also in the musical profession, left Germany to settle in Zurich, where he became a prominent member of the township."

"By the way, I never play this first old viol of mine. I keep it as a relic. Now this," taking a rich hued instrument out of a case, "is a most beautiful thing. I played a sonata of Ariosti on this at one of my recent concerts; these *viole d'amore* are tuned quite differently. Compare these two"—the bow was drawn across the strings—"you understand, they are tuned specially for the music selected. I assure you it is most confusing to have to tune differently as often as three times in an evening for three separate compositions."

"Those *f* holes are an unusual shape."

"They have a meaning. Look at the first *viol d'amore* I showed you just now, the *f* holes are more plainly cut there. The shape represents a flaming sword. Do you see the wavy blade? And now," turning to the more beautiful viol, "see this exquisitely carved scroll, and the design, the god of love peep-

Mr. Arnold Dolmetsch.

THE greater portion of the musical public, with the exception, perhaps, of a few persons having the taste and the facilities for antiquarian research, is entirely concerned with the music of to-day; modern instrumentation, modern virtuosity, which has attained to so a high a pitch, are in themselves subjects wide enough to engross the whole of the dilettante's attention, even more so that of the student, whose professional requirements probably leave but little leisure for historical inquiry and the revival of a forgotten art. Meanwhile, a theme so engrossing and so laborious as the study of the evolution of musical instruments is mostly relegated, like our works of reference, to the shelter of the library, or the glass cases of a museum, with the result that a want of practical knowledge shrouds much ignorance, both as to the structure of musical instruments, and the conditions under which most of the music now termed "classical" was born and rendered. Moreover, a serious drawback to the restoration of such conditions is the prevailing ignorance, among makers themselves, of the real nature and capacity of old instruments, more especially, in the present context, of those of the keyed and stringed class. The work of repairing such instruments

given at such places as Grosvenor House, are

ing from beneath the bandage across his eyes."

I was not slow to admire, but to the lay mind words do not always come quickly.

"Talking about sound or *f* holes," I ventured, "that is a fine bit of fretwork over there?"

"The 'rose' of a lute; this is a perfect example of Venetian lute. Look at the lace-work of this 'rose,' and the back,"—he turned the pear-shaped instrument over—"the back is a triumph of inlay work."

And so it was. "How do you manage about strings?" I asked.

"I make all the covered ones myself. The gut strings are specially made in Italy, as I want peculiar sizes."

The instrument boasted a formidable array of 19 pegs. I thought with more admiration than ever of a lady in a seventeenth century ballad who could sing and play

"And knew all the keys
Of the viol da gamba and lute."

"I consider the lute the most difficult instrument there is," said Mr. Dolmetsch.

"You, violinist, say that?"

Mr. Dolmetsch smiled.

"Perhaps I forget how hard I worked at the violin in years past; I can only assure you that I rarely perform on the lute in public without a feeling of nervousness. Here are some of my books, old, valuable, out-of-the-way works on my subject. Here is a book of dances for lute. You see there is no notation, only a tablature, no key signature, no time signature."

"Does not that greatly complicate matters?"

"No; it is simpler to use the tablature, because it shows not only the note, but exactly how it is to be played."

"And that curious brocade pouch on the wall?"

"That," was the amused answer, "is the only-wind instrument I possess."

"Is the sound that of Pan-pipes?"

"No; far sweeter than Pan-pipes. It is just an old French musette, a relic of French court days, used for accompanying pastorals and masques. There is the old brocade just as it was, and the faded ribbons, and the quaint ivory pipes. Yes, I have confined my attention to strings, not to wind instruments, unless you bring organs into consideration. Here is one of English make, about 1700, small but perfect in form and tune. Is the tone not sweet? I found it in an old house near Sandhurst, took the whole thing to pieces, and repaired it myself. The fact is, I can find no one to do this work. Even the instrument makers cannot do it properly. The modern tendency is to sacrifice quality for volume of tone. Here is a harpsichord, a genuine old one, and a fine specimen too"—Mr. Dolmetsch ran his fingers over the keys—"one can get such wonderful varieties of tone on this, for it has two manuals and also stops." He pushed a mysterious button. "Here is a trumpet tone for you; there is the harp stop, and here we get quite a different variety again."

"And this instrument in the beautiful case?"

"That is a new clavichord, just completed or a friend who is responsible for the decorative part of it."

The whole instrument was indeed a labour of love! A simple, but beautiful case of golden wood, with a sheen like liquid satin, is clasped with brass hinges of simple yet effective design; the keys are of ebony and boxwood. The sound-board is strewn with a naturalistic design of crimson roses with dull green leaves, the oblong lid on the inside bordered by a conven-

tional oak-leaf design in the same dull green, while across the open space runs a delicate inscription:—

VT ROSA FLOS FLORVM

ITA HOC CLAVILE CLAVILIVM.

"Before we leave this room, I want to show you my daughter's instrument," said Mr. Dolmetsch. "This is a *viol da gamba* by Bergonzi. Is it not a fine colour? Now, let me lead the way to my workshop."

We mounted the stairs and entered a room, also narrow, but smaller than the music room, the *atelier* where with tireless energy and cunning hand Mr. Dolmetsch carries on his work of restoration and construction. A plan for a clavichord hung on the wall. Calipers of all sizes, tools of all descriptions were neatly ranged ready to hand.

"One has to make one's own tools too," said my guide. "That is the trying part. Books? Of course they give you facts; yes, but there are thousands of details one cannot glean from books. Here's a tool, simple enough to look at, but it cost me much contriving. It is simply for cutting a clean slit of a certain size in the tongues of harpsichord jacks."

A strange but picturesque group of birds hanging high up against the white wall prompted a question.

"They are ravens," was the answer, "and they are very hard to get. Their quills are used of course in the construction of the harpsichord."

I was loth to close so interesting a conversation, and felt that one hour, indeed several hours, was an absurdly meagre time in which to form any adequate idea of Mr. Dolmetsch's valuable art and handicraft. With regard to his knowledge of the harpsichord and clavichord he holds a position second to no man living. Above all he consistently works with a view to reproducing the music of olden times under its original conditions as much as possible, and meanwhile he has collected and recovered from oblivion some of the most beautiful specimens of the old stringed instruments.

"You are heavily insured, I trust," I said jokingly.

"Yes; but what is the use of it? One could never replace these."

"You would have some compensation."

"Certainly, Certainly! Money," went on my host as he opened the door for me, "money is a consolation for most things."

Which, believe me, is not Mr. Dolmetsch's real view of the matter!

A. M. R.

Musical Life in Berlin.

FEBRUARY 14, 1893.

—:o:—

THE musical season in Berlin can now be said to be at its height. Some musical event of importance takes place every evening in either one of the three concert halls of the city—the Philharmonic, the Sing Academy, or the Bechstein Saal. The Philharmonic, being the largest, is reserved for the Orchestral Concerts, and the other two for recitals, etc. The Tuesday and Wednesday "popular evenings," at the Philharmonic, continue to be very largely attended, and the Berlin critics have nothing but praise for the popular conductor, Herr Manstädt. This week the anniversaries of the deaths of two musical

celebrities, Bülow and Wagner, were marked by suitable programmes on Tuesday and Wednesday respectively. On the former day an orchestral work of Bülow's, the "Eroica" Symphony (which was the last work that famous conductor directed), and the first symphony of Brahms, besides other works, were performed; and on the following evening a fine programme of Wagner's works was given. The orchestral concerts of the month, by the Royal Opera Orchestra, under Felix Weingartner, and by the Philharmonic Orchestra, directed by Richard Strauss, have been very interesting, especially the former. These Opera House Symphony Concerts, a few years ago, I am told, were of the dullest kind; the same old symphonies, the same old overtures, played by the same old players, and led by the same old conductor. But Felix Weingartner, the most genial of young conductors, has instituted a new order of things, and has made these concerts to-day the most popular in Berlin. The house, both for the public rehearsal and concert, is invariably sold out, not even standing room being available. At the last concert, a remarkable performance of Berlioz's fantastic symphony, the "Episode of the Life of an Artist," was given, and the enthusiasm aroused by it has seldom been witnessed in the Royal Opera.

That wonderful work of Berlioz, his "Requiem," was produced last month, in the Philharmonic, with great success, under the energetic direction of Siegfried Ochs. It so pleased the Berlin public, that a second performance in the following week was given. The effect of the four brass orchestras, one in each of the four corners of the gallery, added to the enlarged principal orchestra on the platform, was almost overpowering in its intensity, and the roll and full chords of the sixteen drums were grand in the extreme.

Eugene d'Albert has given three rather unique piano recitals lately, which have been extremely well attended, d'Albert being very popular in Berlin. The second recital consisted of the last five sonatas of Beethoven. Needless to say, the pianist proved himself equal to the task, and gave conscientious renderings of the works; but the audience showed unmistakable signs of weariness towards the end. The last of the three, which takes place to-night, is also hard on an average listener, consisting as it does of four sonatas—Brahms' (F minor, Op. 5), Liszt (B minor), Weber (A flat, Op. 39), and Chopin's (B minor).

Josef Hoffmann is also giving a series of three recitals, his first having taken place last week. This is the first opportunity the Berlin public have had of hearing him since he retired from the child-wonder stage, and settled down to study with Rubinstein. He promises to be one of the great artistes of the day.

Ernest Hutchinson, a young Australian, has given very successful recitals lately, and seems to have pleased the not too easily satisfied critics of the Berlin press.

Herr Fritz Masbach, who, I believe, played in London last winter, gave a recital on the 12th in the Sing-Academie. He is a pupil of Oscar Raif and Erlich, and gave a very pleasing performance of pieces by Beethoven, Schumann, Chopin, and Liszt.

Madame Patti sang before a brilliant audience late in January, and was received with great enthusiasm. She was accompanied by the Philharmonic Orchestra, and sang an aria from the *Barber of Saville* the Prayer from *Tannhäuser*, and the "Schmuckwalzer" from Gounod's *Faust*. Of course she sang "Home, Sweet Home" afterwards, and other items not down on the programme.

G. H. F.


Art and Artists.


WINTER SHOWS.

THESE Academy collections are as instructive to the painter as they are delightful to the general public. The loving recognition of all that is admirable in eighteenth century, and even later English work, is now so all-pervading that a great debt of gratitude is due to the academicians who have so long carried on the Winter Exhibitions. One can easily see in many instances of Romney, Gainsborough, or Reynolds, how much their beauties or defects are attributable to Time. That elderly gentleman is often enough seen playing the rôle of Satan with modern pictures, but with earlier work his hand has a mellowing and caressing touch. Even when Reynolds' "Kitty Fisher" has gone pale before him he has left the fine textures and soft gradations unspoiled. But in some few cases the brilliant carnations of Reynold's or Romney's ladies rouse suspicion that some modern medium has acted as Time's invisible deputy in enriching or supplying the freshness of cheek and lip. Mrs. Inchbald's warmth of visage seems of the day before yesterday, rather than ninety years ago at least. Then how tenderly has the old gentleman dealt with Lady Betty Delmé and her children, as well as with the Crewes. "Mrs. Crewe and Mrs. Bouvierie" may perhaps be better expressive of the sentiment, "I also am in Arcadia," in its present denudation of warm colour than it was in its original probably rosier hues. The grand dignity of line, of mass, of strong yet chastened colour in No. 130, is as far beyond the Italian schemes that helped it into being as the finer types of English people in the eighteenth surpassed the still savage aristocrats of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. The latter picture has deepened and become richer with years. It has been linked as a conception with some of Raphael's Holy Families. It never seems to have entered into Raphael's somewhat impressionable heart to dream of the noble breadth that is carried from edge to edge of this scene, which is as much dependent on its woodland masses as on its central figures for completeness. Its ancestral strain is rather to be looked for in Venice than in Rome or Florence. Hard by the Reynolds is a quite first-rate example of Gainsborough's cool but not cold compositions. The strong glowing Rubens near it does not kill it: rather, they enhance each other, so perfectly is each kept in the key it was schemed in. These two are harmonious and akin in a way apart from lines, hues, and masses; the modes of handling in each have an affinity that neither has if compared with Reynolds or Romney. We feel the Gainsborough was most likely breathed into life by that lost method that many writers and artists have long bewailed. Reynolds' evident belief in that secret method, and Romney's house-painter-like thoroughness and system, have done much towards mitigating the ravages of time, and keeping them almost alone among the great of their day from being held in lower esteem now than during their lives.

The great fleshly Rubens, "Ixion and Juno," is another instance of Time's partiality for methodic work. The gleaming firmness of the limbs may have bettered in tone, but all the signs indicate it as just now what its painter intended and left it. Only one nineteenth century Englishman is brought to mind as we look at this work—Etty. Far beneath in general power, more through the sordid taste that environed the students of his time than by

his natural capacity, he did manage to give in a whiter but not sickly way that look of fair vitality characteristic of nature's and the great Fleming's work. The Dutch still life and noisy human life, and landscapes of gloom and radiance, are well represented here as usual. The half archaic and archaic Italians too have a room where they face some of their contemporaries of other schools. It cannot be said that any very striking specimen of the blossoming of Italian art is here; but everything is worth seeing for various reasons—reasons curious, historical, or artistic.

Those who value the genius of David Cox may be interested in an Exhibition just opened at Messrs. Graves & Co., the art publishers. Mr. Algernon Graves has brought together a roomful of works by C. T. Burt, who was a pupil of Cox. The teacher's manner under another hand is still pretty evident—that is, his oil manner. Burt was thought worthy to finish a work left half-finished by his master. It sold for £3,000 readily, therefore one infers that it was well stamped by the master's hand, for those who buy Coxes are usually good judges, and have raised the master's répute by their backed up enthusiasm. It is a pity the people who populate our National Gallery with foreign and home drivel in paint cannot discriminate as yet the high and priceless quality of a painter whose lightest blot had more of the artist and poet than will be found in miles of such dull completeness as often depresses the visitor to the Trafalgar Square Gallery.

THE ASCENT OF TASTE.

THE optimistic criticism of, say, thirty years ago is declining. A grey thread of sadness runs through the golden speech now. Rumours of imminent ruin haunt the critical mind. The prophets of thick paint and thin thought are losing their late confidence in Impressionism. They hark back, at the opening of every Old Master show, to eighteenth-century and still earlier works, with hardly utterable yearning. The puzzle that worries them is always the true nature of that subtle tradition, spirit, mode of operation, which eludes the grasp of our own age. "Totally lost to art," it was said to be by Reynolds. Ruskin noted that fact too, but more cheerily, for he had Turnerism and the P.R.B. to make life endurable. A wonder is expressed that our third-rate painters should turn out only third-rate paintings, while last century third and fourth-rate artists produced first-class work—for all-beautiful work is first-class so far as its beauty goes. The real fact is, that the poor old admittedly third-rate painter was a very good painter indeed sometimes, and taste is ascending so steadily, that it is learning to see this plain truth. Much of the error about the admittedly third-rate painter came from the elegant ease of Allan Cunningham's assertions as to the place and qualities of this and that artist. Our own eyes are undecceiving us as to his assertion of Hudson's incapacity, for instance. It turns out when Hudson himself appears that he was a very capable master, and Reynolds might have done worse—often did worse, in fact—than stick to the traditions of sound craftsmanship. Hudson was able to instruct him in. The whole current of artistic opinion, if not practice, shows this long while as a determination to be no longer the fool of critical fashion. Hosts of the once reputed third-rate are being placed in first-rate places—the National Gallery, for instance—many of them deservedly. The dealers who dubbed

Constable's works "pepper and salt" depressed him; Ruskin killed him (his répute); the public buried him, and his friend Leslie, helped by some underivable consent of opinion, slowly resuscitated him. His fate is typical of all the injured reputations that lie so thickly covered by the literary foliage of the ages. The wail that lately came from the *Saturday Review* about the "decline of taste" is simply one among many evidences that taste is still on the ascent.

Music in Newcastle-on-Tyne.

ON Monday, February 11, Mr. Emil Sauer gave his first recital in Newcastle-on-Tyne, in the Grand Assembly Rooms. There was a fairly large, but not very enthusiastic, audience. His programme was as follows:

1. Prelude and Fugue S. Bach-D'Albert.
2. Sonata (Op. 110) Beethoven.
3. (a) Nachstück (b) Toccata (Op. 7) Schumann.
4. (a) Bolero (Op. 19) (b) Nocturne (c) Ballade (Op. 47) Chopin.

5. (a) Pavanne Saint-Saëns.
- (b) Barcarolle (Op. 50, No. 3) Rubinstein.
- (c) Echo de Vienne (valse de concert) E. Sauer.

6. Rhapsodie Liszt.

In the first two pieces Mr. Sauer showed how thoroughly he had mastered the technical details of his work. Of the others, I liked his playing of the "Nocturne" best, and, judging from the applause, most of the audience were of the same mind. The "Rhapsodie," with which he concluded, was perfection. If Mr. Sauer pays another visit to Newcastle, he may be certain of a hearty welcome; and if those concerned engage a larger hall, I am sure they will not regret it.

On Tuesday, February 12, the Newcastle Harmonic Society gave their fifth invitation concert in the Town Hall. The work performed was Dr. Parry's *Saul of Tarsus*. This is described as a dramatic oratorio, founded on scenes from the life of St. Paul, for solo voices, chorus, organ and orchestra. The libretto (written by Dr. Parry himself) is divided into four parts, entitled, "Damascus," "Philippi," "Jerusalem," and "Rome." The composer has so arranged the work that, although there are many characters introduced, only three soloists are required—Soprano, Tenor, and Bass—a decided advantage to small choral associations. Dr. Parry, who conducted the performance himself, was greeted at the close with loud cheers, the audience rising en masse; and he had to acknowledge repeatedly the applause which was so unstintedly given. The soloists were, Madame S. A. Williams-Penn, soprano; Mr. Maldwyn Humphreys, tenor; and Mr. Morgan Wilkinson, bass. Madame Williams-Penn made a great hit. Her rendering of the solo commencing the trio "Sleep on beloved" in the "Prison Scene," which occurs in Part III., won loud applause. Mr. Humphreys has a splendid tenor voice, and sang his part with effect. Mr. Wilkinson, who took the part of Saul, also has a voice of the true quality. In the prayer which occurs in Part I., and the powerful recitative in Part IV., he was at his best. The orchestra, which numbered about forty performers, had some very hard work. Dr. Parry evidently knows exactly what effects he wants, and does not spare an orchestra in his effort to produce them. The wind instruments are used very freely, and produce some extremely fine effects. The choruses were, on the whole, well rendered. Two or three of them were encored, amongst them being the "Christian's Morning Hymn," which was undoubtedly the best. Dr. Chambers, to whom, in a large measure, the success of the concert must be ascribed, has certainly taken great pains in working up his singers, and deserves greatest credit. In his capacity of organist, he was all that could be desired, and Dr. Parry paid him a graceful compliment at the close of the performance by leading him to the front of the platform, intimating that to Dr. Chambers, as much as to himself, was due the success of the concert.

OCTAVUS.

MARCH, 1895.

Our Glee Society.

XI.

[Matthew Peter King, born 1773, was a pupil of Charles Frederick Horn; his first vocal publication was "Eight Songs and a Cantata." In 1796 he published "Thorough Bass made easy to every capacity," and in 1800 "A General Treatise on Music." This reached a second edition in 1809. He composed several dramatic pieces for the English Opera House and Lyceum. In 1817 he published "The Intercession"; in this occurs the song known as "Eve's Lamentation." He composed several glees and much pianoforte music. His principal dramatic works, with dates of production, are as follow: — *Matrimony* (1804); *The Invisible Girl* (1806); *False Alarms* (in which Braham appeared), *One o'clock, or The Wood Demon*, and *Ella Rosenberg* (1807); *Up all Night* (1809); *The Americans* (with Braham), and *Timour and Tartar* (1811); and *The Fisherman's Hut* (1819). He died January, 1823.]

OUR Glee Society held their next meeting at The Vicarage.

"Ladies and gentlemen," commenced Louis Tittletop, "the new old thing we have to-night is entitled 'The Owl is Out,' for two tenors and a bass, so I am sorry to say ladies, that you will have to act only the part of critics."

"Let us down lightly, ladies," said Roaring Billows.

"We will be candid," said Miss Little.

"Well, suppose we make a start," said our conductor.

And they did, going through it from beginning to end.

"For the first time," said Louis, "it was well done, but you all came to grief, gentlemen, at the four bars beginning at 'the bats,' and ending at 'skins along.' You will see that there is a whole beat's rest between those groups of three notes. Now we will try the first part again, down to the change of metronome mark at the first double bar. Basses, in your opening phrase, mind to commence *forte* and make a fine *crescendo* up to the note on the word 'out.' Then I want just a whisper, nothing more, at the words, 'she sits'; then, of course, the same idea is repeated; and, Basses, look out for the staccato note—or, I should say, semi-staccato. I don't want them exaggerated. Exaggeration is, in my opinion, a far graver fault than omission. Be careful, Tenors, that those phrases, 'The Nightingale,' etc., are sung very sweetly, and with due attention to the marks. Now, please, once more."

"That was better, very much better," said Louis, when they had finished. "Now, at the next part, gentlemen, we take two in the bar; and be careful that the triplets on 'rising' are smoothly sung. At the twelfth bar from the second double bar, counting backwards, a fine phrase begins at the words 'The moon now rising.' Please to be very careful and make a good crescendo, then observe the semi-staccato marks at the words 'The lake is still.' Do you mind trying it over now, gentlemen?"

They did not mind, and they did try it again, and when they finished Tittletop observed, "Very nice, but still open to improvement. For instance, those groups of six notes on the words 'Illumes the lakes,' you were not all together, but it will be better presently."

"Now, the next movement," resumed Louis, "is very simple; you only want to be careful of the marks of expression: the whole of this movement wants very delicate singing."

They tried it.

"Yes, yes; the expression was not at all bad," said Louis; "but, oh, Tenors, you were

fearfully flat; that last phrase was very bad."

The Vicar (who sang tenor) looked at Worth and turned very red; Tombowlin looked at the Vicar, and seemed quite ashamed of himself; while Native Worth looked as if he wished himself far away.

"Gentlemen, you must redeem your character. Let us try it again."

"That's better," said Louis, at the conclusion. "Now for the last movement: let us have a go at that. It requires to be sung with a light and tripping expression; a kind of

"Trip it as you go
On the light fantastic toe."

After they had tried it, Tittletop remarked, "It is still too heavy; but then, of course, I cannot expect perfection for the first time. Now, ladies, what is your opinion?"

"Well, Mr. Tittletop," said Miss Sttam, "if I may be allowed to express my opinion, I think the gentlemen have acquitted themselves admirably."

"Hear, hear," from Roaring Billows; while Horace Slim chimed in with his usual "Heeah, heeah." And the other ladies nodded their assent to Miss Sttam's sentiments.

"Never you mind, ladies," said Louis; "I am sure Mr. G—— will find something for you; won't you?" said Louis, addressing himself to me.

"Yes, I think I know of a beautiful little trio for ladies voices," said I.

"Well, gentlemen, before we go on with anything else, let us try 'The Owl is Out,' right through again, from beginning to end. Look at my beat and follow the marks of expression, and you cannot go far wrong."

Louis Tittletop was very pleased when they had finished, and the ladies of the society said it was "beautiful"; and the Vicar's wife said it was charming: and then coffee was handed round, and the practice, so far as "The Owl is Out" was concerned, finished. Tittletop said that he had received a letter from the secretary of the local branch of a well-known benevolent society asking if "Our Glee Society" would kindly give a concert on behalf of their funds, and they would be very grateful if we could. The Vicar rose and strongly recommended the case to us all, and in the end we decided that a concert might be given for the purpose asked.

GEO. F. GROVER.

A Chat about the Organist of St. Paul's.

DR. MARTIN, I declare. What a splendid likeness!"

We were sitting in my study. Mr. —, a distinguished musician, was looking through my collection of portraits, of which I am not a little proud, and when his eye lighted upon the picture of the organist of St. Paul's Cathedral, a copy of which accompanies this number of "THE MAGAZINE OF MUSIC," he gave utterance to this exclamation.

"Martin would make a good subject for your next article," continued my friend, after a pause. "He is one of our ablest church musicians, and the organist of the principal English Cathedral, and yet he is seldom 'written up,' as you Magazine people call it."

I remarked that the worthy Doctor, being naturally shy and reserved, was rather difficult game for the interviewer.

"Beside, he is so modest," I explained, "that even if he were 'bagged,' the last man he would be induced to talk about would be himself."

Mr. — shook his head dubiously.

"There is another explanation, which I am inclined to think is the correct one," he said. "Dr. Martin is an ideal organist, and allows nothing to interfere with his work in that capacity. Composition, for instance, he has little time for, and what he has done in that way has been generally done for the church."

"But he is acknowledged to be one of our most talented and original writers of church music," I interrupted.

"Yes; but church music will never bring a man prominently to the front. Sir Joseph Barnby, one of the most industrious church musicians in the country, is known to the world as a conductor, not as a composer. The name of the late Dr. Dykes, a man of the highest attainments, is scarcely known to the thousands who sing his beautiful hymn-tunes, and listen week by week to his splendid settings of the canticles of the church. Take Henry Smart again, whose music for the organ and the choir cannot be surpassed. How many musicians of the present day, of vastly inferior calibre, have taken rank before him, simply because they have been careful not to hide their light under a bushel, but to set it on a hill where it cannot be hid."

"I do not suggest," my friend went on, "that the organist of St. Paul's is an obscure man. His great abilities, together with the important post he so honourably fills, prevent that. What I do mean is that Dr. Martin (and there are others I could include in the same category) the church musician is a less known, less talked of man than would be Dr. Martin the composer of operas, or the Principal of this or that institution."

"Well, we cannot all be famous," I ventured to remark.

"We don't all deserve to be. But among the musicians of England whom we should delight to honour, George Clement Martin should hold an important place."

My friend, who has the privilege of a more intimate acquaintance with the organist of St. Paul's than I have myself, was warming to the subject. So I asked him about Dr. Martin's work in the great London Cathedral.

"I don't think I shall be guilty of exaggeration," he replied, "if I say that to him, more than to any other man, is due the beauty of the St. Paul's services. It is only when you remember that less than a quarter of a century ago those services were notable only for slovenliness and unworthiness that you are likely to appreciate the labours of those who have been instrumental in bringing about the change. Although Martin only succeeded Stainer as organist in 1888, he had been connected with the Cathedral choir for fourteen years previously. He came from Edinburgh to take the place of Fred Walker as music-master to the foundation boys, and two years later received the appointment of sub-organist. In these capacities there was plenty of scope for ability and tact, and it was soon evident to those who worked with him that the new young man (he was only about thirtythen) possessed to a remarkable degree those administrative qualities which are so essential in the management of a choir, and which dear old Goss lacked so lamentably. He put his whole heart and soul into the work which his chief, Dr. Stainer, had just commenced, and together they went on, throwing down every obstacle which stood in their way, undeterred by the coldness of those who were

content to let things remain as they were, till the music of the Cathedral was, for the first time in many years, worthy of its part in the services of the church. Since Dr. Martin has had it all in his own hands, the excellence of the choir has not only been maintained, but many important steps forward have been taken, with what result every one knows who attends St. Paul's."

"Did not Dr. Martin introduce the orchestra at the special oratorio services in the Cathedral?" I asked.

"You are thinking of the Advent performances of Spohr's *Last Judgment*. It was Dr. Stainer's custom to dispense with a band in that work, but his successor does not follow him in this; and, although I am bound to say Stainer's accompaniments were masterly in the extreme, the orchestra adds considerably to the effect of the oratorio."

The reference to accompaniments brought to my mind an occasion on which the subject of our chat was called upon to perform a somewhat trying task.

"It must be fifteen or sixteen years ago," I said, congratulating myself upon at last finding something to contribute to the conversation, "that I heard Dr. (then, I believe, Mr.) Martin conduct a body of about three thousand singers, whom he couldn't see, and who, moreover, couldn't see him. The occasion was a great choral festival in one of our provincial cathedrals. I, at that time the youthful director of one of the choirs taking part in the festival, was present in that humble capacity, and looked with envy upon another fellow of about my own age who had been chosen to wield the bâton. An electric communication had been made between the lectern, on which the conductor was to stand, and the organ-loft, which was occupied for the day by Mr. Martin. Scarcely had the service commenced, as we afterwards heard, when the communicator ceased to act. The organist knew only too well that the singers, if left without support, would soon be in utter confusion, and as the conductor's beat was absolutely lost upon him, he himself must give the time. Of the many people that morning who were astonished at the assertive accompaniment of the organ, with its irresistible, almost metronome-like *marcato*, few guessed that Mr. Martin was, by his ready resource, saving the festival from being, what it otherwise must have been, a complete *fiasco*."

Our talk turned once more to Dr. Martin's illustrious predecessor.

"Stainer and Martin were friends long before they became colleagues," remarked Mr. ——. "The latter, when holding his first appointment at a small place in Berkshire, took harmony lessons from Stainer, who was then organist of Magdalen College, in preparation for the Oxford Mus. Bac. degree, which, of course, you know he has obtained, in addition to the honorary Doctorate conferred on him by the Archbishop of Canterbury. It is interesting to think of master and pupil afterwards uniting in the great work of re-organizing and placing upon a firm and sound basis the musical services of the chief cathedral in the land."

When my visitor wished me good-night or good-morning—I forgot for the moment which—he said, "Do not forget the article." A small to "I shall publish our chat," I replied; and I am keeping my word.

It is a matter for regret that the municipal authorities of Bayreuth have decided not to purchase Herr Oesterlein's Wagner museum, and after all the collection will probably go to America.

A Word for the Harp.

In these days, when every one seems to be on the look out for a new musical instrument, when the banjo, the guitar, the mandoline, and even the long-despised concertina, have all taken their places in the home orchestra, it is not surprising that the question should occasionally arise, "What has become of the harp?"

Not only is the harp an instrument of great antiquity, around which, from its having been for ages the accompaniment to the song of bard and minstrel, a halo of romance still shines, but, by a marvellous process of latter-day development, it has reached a state of perfection as great, or even greater than that of many of its more popular rivals.

Considering this, and the fact that it is largely employed in the modern orchestra (see Mendelssohn's *Athalie*, *Antigone*, and *Oedipus*, the operas of Meyerbeer, Gounod, and Wagner, and the works of many eminent living composers), the harp has undoubtedly claims to a larger share of attention from musical people than it has hitherto received.

The comparative neglect of this beautiful instrument is, however, to be accounted for in several ways. A harp, while it is as costly as a pianoforte, does not serve the purpose of an article of furniture as the latter does. It is, moreover, bulky and unportable—a serious objection, as a harpist does not find an instrument ready for him in every house.

On the other hand, many who, in spite of these obstacles, would take it up are deterred from doing so by the idea that the instrument is excessively difficult to learn.

This notion is altogether an erroneous one. Like every other instrument worth playing, the harp makes considerable demands upon the perseverance and aptitude of the student, but, compared with the violin, and even the pianoforte, it is easy of acquirement. A fairly correct ear is necessary in tuning, but beyond this a harpist requires no special qualification.

Fingering, the complications of which give so much trouble to pianoforte players, is sublimely simple upon the harp. Every scale is fingered in exactly the same way, and those keys which present the greatest difficulty upon other instruments are as attainable to the harpist as any. This is explained by the fact that a note upon the harp is made either flat, natural, or sharp by means of pedals which act upon the strings, raising or lowering the pitch according to the requirements of the key. The use of these pedals calls for little explanation. Each note of the scale is represented by its particular pedal, so that a very elementary acquaintance with the theory of music will suffice to indicate how they should be set. By way of example, let us suppose a piece is to be played in the key of G major. F will, of course, require to be made sharp, and it is only necessary to fix the pedal which acts upon that note, when every F upon the instrument is simultaneously raised one semitone. In the same way every kind of modulation can be effected.

Another advantage which the harp possesses over the pianoforte is the small stretch of the octave, which is easily reached by the thumb and third finger. It is a fact that a tenth can be played upon the harp with less difficulty than an octave upon the pianoforte, and many beautiful effects are produced upon the former by the

use of extended chords, which would be impossible of execution upon the latter instrument.

The compass of a modern double-action harp is six octaves and a half—



and the strings are of catgut, coloured to facilitate the recognition of the notes by the player, the lowest octave being covered with silver wire to render them more sonorous.

Not long ago it was my privilege to listen to an exquisite performance upon the harp by a lady well known in musical circles. The wonderful charm of her playing made a great impression upon every one present, so much so that the fair harpist was besieged by inquiries as to where she had studied, from whom she had received instruction, and so on. As soon as an opportunity occurred I spoke to her about the beautiful instrument upon which she played, and found her as enthusiastic as her auditors had been.

"I am so glad you like the harp," she said. "It is the most delightful instrument ever invented. I think its poetical associations were what first attracted me to it, but I have long ago learnt to love it for its own sake."

I looked admiringly at the elegant design and artistic decoration of the handsome instrument which stood near.

"An Erard?" I said inquiringly.

"Yes. There is one maker, and that one maker is Erard. Sebastian Erard did for the harp what Stradivarius and the other masters of the Cremona school did for the violin. He found it in a state of imperfection, and left it perfect.

"No; I do not consider the harp an extremely difficult instrument. I have devoted more time, a great deal more time, to the piano than to the harp with much less result. Of course, that is my fault, or rather my misfortune; but it proves, I think, that there is an instrument—one worthy of the name of a musical instrument, too—to which those who will never excel as pianoforte players would do well to turn their attention."

"And what is your advice to those who do so?"

"I don't think I should presume to give any. If I did, I should say, Consult a good master at the outset, and learn of him the true position of the hands. Study Boscha's exercises and studies, which will lay the foundation of good playing; and, above all, practice scales constantly."

To which good advice I will add nothing.

THE death of Mr. Edward Solomon robs music of a composer who, if he did not labour much in the higher fields of art, had a graceful pen, even his dance pieces showing a measure of freshness. The deceased musician came to the front in 1880 with the comic opera "Billee Taylor" (libretto by Mr. H. P. Stephens), since which he wrote in fairly quick succession a number of light operas, the most successful, perhaps, being "The Nautch Girl." Mr. Solomon's sense of humour in music was very keen, and in his melodies and orchestration he frequently reminded the hearer of Sir Arthur Sullivan. The cause of his death on Tuesday was typhoid fever.

+ Authors and their Works. +

MR. JOHN DAVIDSON.

DO not know whether Mr. Davidson has cultivated literature on a little oatmeal, but I do know that he has courted the Muses through years of bitter struggle, which must have sorely tried the equanimity of the man as well as the inspiration of the poet. Only the indomitable perseverance of the Scot and the sense of the divine spark within could have kept his hope and endurance in the forefront while the finest of gifts were going practically to waste for want of recognition. For think what it means to have published half a score of volumes before the world has discovered your right to have published at all! Think what it means to have the feeling of power, but to find its recognition mercilessly and indefinitely delayed—to struggle for a prize that seems unattainable, and after each fresh attempt to know that it is no nearer, and that the last book is numbered with the others on a quiet shelf unvisited save on rare occasions and unknown except to the little band of friends who share the secret! There is no struggle more difficult, none more trying to the nerve and spirit of man. As a recent writer has well said, when success comes at last, no count is taken of those hard "inglorious years." They are simply considered by the onlooker as a finely-conceived preface to a fine success: they strike the imagination, and give a certain dramatic completeness to the story of a man's life. That is all. Many men under like circumstances have given up the struggle, and have died in the end, like Chatterton and David Gray, with all "their music in them." Mr. Davidson's fate has been more fortunate; and he owes it to no one but himself that his place is now likely to be among the immortals. It is a stimulating story for the literary aspirant, for nowadays a literary success is a dearly bought experience, and example is better than precept.

The "new poet," as already indicated, is a Scotsman. His ancestors for some generations had been farmers in Ayrshire, but his father was a minister of the Evangelical Union Church, and the family were located at Barrhead in Renfrewshire when John was born in 1857, the memorable year of the Indian Mutiny. I don't suppose there is anything in the circumstance, but it may please the author of "The Raiders" to know that Mr. Davidson's mother was a Crockett—a daughter of the parish schoolmaster of the little Morayshire town of Elgin. The Davidsons left Barrhead soon after the boy's birth. Two years were passed in Glasgow, after which the family removed to Greenock, where the future poet received his education. When he left school the lad had certainly no thoughts of a literary career, though even at the age of twelve he had been through "Sartor Resartus," and a year later had Bunyan, Scott, and Shakespeare at his fingers' ends. For a time he was in the chemical department of one of the great sugar houses in Greenock; and when the Food Adulteration Act became law he got himself installed in the office of the Public Analyst. All this was before he had attained his fifteenth year. At that time he changed his mind about a career. He became a pupil teacher at Greenock, and thenceforward, till 1890, he was engaged in teaching in various Scottish towns—in Glasgow, in Paisley, in Crieff, and in Perth, where, by the way, he met with the lady who presently (in 1885) became Mrs. Davidson. It was felt to be sad drudgery, no doubt, but the hours were easy, and there was plenty of reading to be done to fill up the long evenings.

Mr. Davidson had begun writing as early as 1877, when he published the first of his plays, "An Unhistorical Pastoral." He had conceived the notion of conquering the reading public by sheer importunity, and a book for every twelve-months was his idea of how the thing was to be done. Most of the earlier works were failures, but Mr. Davidson went on undaunted, bearing in several cases the costs of publication out of his own pocket. He had even difficulties with his titles. In Crieff he wrote "Perfervid," and sent it the round of the publishers under the title of "Like Father, like Son." It was returned with the remark that the title was already copyrighted. Then he tried "Bred in the Bone," and sent the MS. on its travels again, only to be reminded that Mr. James Payn had already used that name. In despair he fixed upon the impossible title of "Perfervid," and one consequence is that the book has never had a large sale.

Mr. Davidson came to London in 1890, and it was then—having decided to live by literature—that his struggles began. At first he tried every kind of pot-boiling without being able to realize a sufficient income. His mainstay was reviewing, and most of that was done for *The Speaker*. But brighter days have come now: the wheel of fortune has turned, and Mr. Davidson finds himself among the most popular of our younger poets. His first real success was won in 1893 when he published his "Fleet Street Eclogues," and now his "Ballads and Songs" are the talk of the town. Last year he issued no fewer than four books; but he has no idea of resting. The appreciation of the public has encouraged him to new and more important efforts, and this year he hopes to give us further ballads and eclogues. Mr. Davidson has a firm belief in "booming"—from a commercial point of view. People need to have their eyes opened to new writers. But no one can say that he "discovered" Mr. Davidson: Mr. Davidson discovered himself. There is, however, one literary man whom he regards as specially sympathetic and appreciative. This is Mr. Grant Allen. "He has an open mind for everything new, and does not, like some critics, keep back his kind words till an author no longer requires them."

Mr. Davidson has an irresistible personality that may be felt in all his works. He is in fact one of the strongest and most distinctly original of the younger men. He has inspiration, power, and insight. He is no mean singer of melodious verse: he sees, he feels. As a critic has well said, his verse is beautiful even where it is grotesque, and some of his poems are marked by a singular variety of charm. Above all, they are vigorous, powerful, and full of abounding life. There is much in him that is suggestive of Carlyle, and he owns himself the influence of Goethe. The later writers he has read most are Tennyson and Ibsen, and the latter has certainly had a considerable influence on his thought. But there is no trace of a direct imitation of any writer in Mr. Davidson. He is himself, and in that respect he is assuredly, as Carlyle would have put it, a phenomenon worth noting.

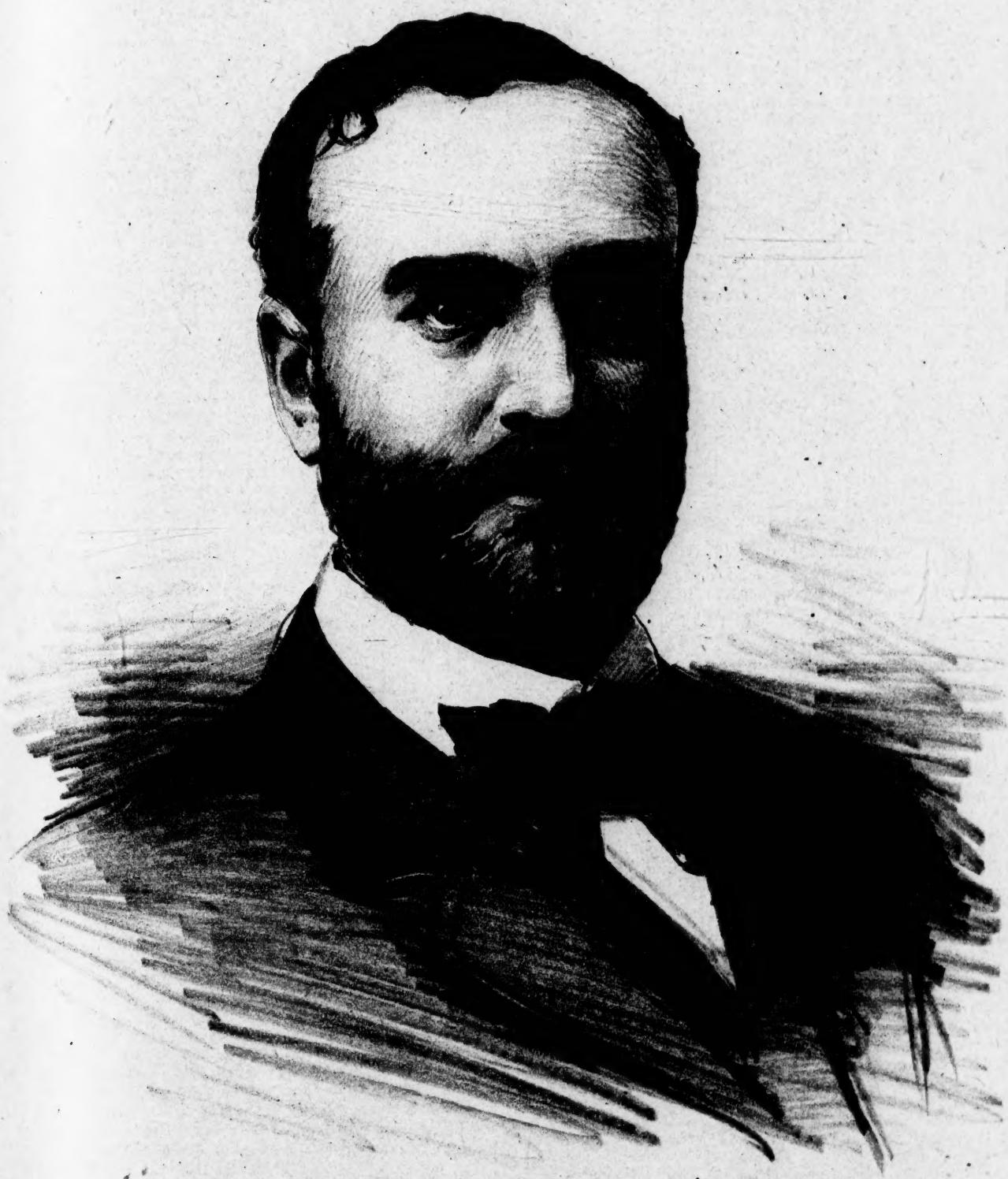
MR. S. R. CROCKETT, one of our newer authors, is being most industriously boomed by more or less interested people. He has achieved a success which is out of all proportion to his literary output or his literary deserts, and you can only account for it as Liszt accounted for some professional reputations: it comes simply of a judicious use of the watering pot. "I

could mention some," said Liszt, "who had the good fortune to marry people who watered them beautifully in the newspapers." In England the only difference is that you may get watered without getting married. You have only to make friends with the log-rollers, and get your publisher's organ to push you down the throats of readers week after week, and the thing is done. And it makes some difference. I don't say that you can create a reputation without talent; but the humbug is too often at the top and the talent at the bottom. There is quite a craze just now for Scottish stories and sketches, which have really no value as literature, and are only good for a few years of feeble existence in country manses. That such sketches are not generally understood is evident from the circumstance of his publisher having brought out a glossary to Mr. Crockett's works. You may create a "vogue" in penmen as well as in pianists.

It is really too appalling this notion of having our London School Board youngsters set in systematic training as novelists. Last year there were published in this country 1,584 new works of fiction, yet, as if this were not enough, we have the Education Department assenting to the creation of a new Cockney school of juvenile story-tellers! The idea is, of course, to teach the pupils the art of composition; but somehow the thing seems to be turned the wrong way about. Hitherto the budding novelist was supposed to have acquired the art of writing before tackling fiction, but henceforth he will take to fiction in order that he may learn to write. What or who will be the models in the new departure it would be hazardous to suggest; but "Dare-Devil Dick" will probably have a look in, and I should think there will be a fine chance for the editor of a new Dictionary of Slang. Anyway, we have now to get rid of the idea that the novelist, like the poet, is born; the London School Board says he can be manufactured, and there's an end on't.

It is always well in these days to be up to date with your criticisms. So, evidently, thinks the editor of *Reynolds' Newspaper*, which recently contained a review of Low's "Handbook to the Charities of London," for 1885! Perhaps this is a way of indicating as far as possible the verdict of posterity. But there are better things of a somewhat similar kind on record. Not long ago a London editor received a scathing notice of a new edition of Chapman's Homer, written under the impression that the book was freshly done. When spoken to on the subject, the reviewer replied civilly that he thought Mr. Chapman lived somewhere down Clapham way. Another delicious story in keeping is told by Mr. Escott in the February *Fortnightly*. It is about a reviewer on the staff of the defunct *Reader*. The editor went for a holiday, and his assistant, ambitious to do something brilliant during the chief's absence, admitted a slashing review of a new edition of Johnson's Dictionary, on the assumption that the historic lexicon was the first work of an unknown writer. The *Reader*, it is not surprising to learn, died of that brilliant and enlightened review. After all this, one can take, without a pinch of salt, those recent stories of Jane Austen being addressed to the care of her publishers by a London press-cutting agency, and Herbert Spencer being asked about a new edition of his "Faerie Queene!" The next thing we shall hear is that Mr. William Shakespeare, professor of singing at the R.A.M., has been consulted about the genealogy of Hamlet.

It was fitting that one of the guests at the annual dinner of the Playgoer's Club the other



Yours very truly
John Davidson



evening should be Mr. Comyns Carr, the author of Mr. Irving's new play, "King Arthur." Mr. Carr has been many things in his time—dramatic critic, art critic of the *Pall Mall*, lessor of a theatre, originator of the Grosvenor Gallery, and goodness knows what else besides. He tried editing the *English Illustrated Magazine*, and failed to do what Mr. Shorter has done—to make it a success; he collaborated with Hugh Conway in a drama founded on "Called Back," and of course he has written reviews and magazine articles and books in any number. Mr. Carr is a very strongly built man, over the medium height, with a massive leonine face, and a mane of curly grey hair, not unlike Sir Frederick Leighton's. Somebody says that "a Roman nose and a strongly-marked forehead indicate the great capacity he has shown." And now you know all about the author of "King Arthur."

* * *

Do you ever go to have a look at the MSS. in the British Museum? If you do, you will be glad to know that they have been all rearranged in four sections—literary, historical, artistic, and palaeographical—so that you may readily find the thing you want, without allowing the sun to go down on your wrath. Among the autograph letters there is one I should like to tell you about. It is a funny little epistle by Charles Lamb on the subject of musical relics. The letter is thus endorsed by Vincent Novello, to whom it was addressed: "A very characteristic note from dear Charles Lamb, who always pretended to hate all kinds of memorials and *relics*, and assumed a look of fright and horror whenever he reproached me with being a *Papist* instead of a *Quaker*, which sect he pretended to doat upon." Now for the letter: "Dear N.—Pray write immediately to say, 'the book has come safe.' I am anxious, not so much for the autograph as for that bit of the hair-brush. I enclose a cinder which belonged to *Shield* when he was poor and lit his own fires. Any memorial of a great musical genius I know is acceptable, and *Shield* has his merits, though Clementi, in my opinion, is far above him in the *Sostenuto*. Mr. Westwood desires his compliments, and begs to present you with a nail that came out of Jomelli's coffin, who is buried at Naples." Lamb's opinion of *Shield* and Clementi is, of course, his little joke; for you remember that Elia—as he confesses in that essay which he calls "A Chapter on Ears"—was a most unusual person. The Mr. Westwood referred to in the letter was Lamb's landlord.

* * *

The popular idea of the publisher is that of a man who rides in his carriage over the bones of the unlucky author, when he is not drinking champagne out of the poor devil's skull. Byron declared that Barabbas must have been in the book trade; and we all know how Mr. Besant wants us to believe that in the matter of accounting to the author the publisher is less frequently on speaking terms with truth than he should be. It is time now that we heard the publishers' opinion of the author, and I am pleased to see that a beginning has been made by Mr. John Murray, of the famous establishment in Albemarle Street. Mr. Murray gives us some very pleasant glimpses of Croker, and Lockhart, and Borrow, and many others. Croker's name has been a good deal bandied about by the critics since the days of that unmerciful slashing by Macaulay. All sorts of tales have been current of his unfairness, his malice, his incompetency. The bitterness, as Mr. Murray remarks, has become an hereditary tradition, and most people mention Croker with a shrug. In this connection Mr. Murray relates a characteristic story

of Thackeray. The author of "Esmond" disliked Croker on "popular grounds," and did not hesitate to give vent to his feelings in print. When Croker was dead, however, the novelist had a convincing instance of his essential kindness of nature, and, with that generosity which ever distinguished him, Thackeray inquired whether Mrs. Croker were alive, that he might offer his apologies for the injustice he had done her husband. Let us hope that the literary historians will note this pleasing incident and so do something to rehabilitate poor Croker.

* * *

Du Maurier the author is booming. He has caught the attention of the funny paragraph writers. I give a specimen of the jokes that are now being worked off upon the American public: "Here," said the new missionary, "here are some tracts and sermons, translated into your native language." "Thanks," yawned the king of Mbwpka. "By the way, have you a translation of 'Trilby'?" Not very brilliant, you say; but then the Americans don't think "Trilby" a work of genius. As for the people on this side, they probably content themselves with taking their Du Maurier with their *Punch*. It is now close upon thirty years since the eminent artist sat down at the celebrated *Punch* dinner in place of John Leech, who had been buried but two days before. Mark Lemon was then the editor, and in giving the new artist his instructions he bade him not attempt to follow exactly in the footsteps of Leach. "No," said he, "don't you do funny things, do the graceful side of life; be the tenor in a French opera bouffe." And don't you think Du Maurier has acted up to his instructions?

Carlyle and the Queen.

THE subjoined account was written by Carlyle to his sister Jean, the wife of the late Dr. Aitken, of Dumfries. For *Dear Jean*—*Mary*, it has hitherto been withheld from publication, and it is only now that we are enabled to give the interesting epistle to the public:

CHESSEA, March 11, 1869.

DEAR JEAN,—Mary, I find, has inserted for you a small letter along with the one that belongs to the Doctor. I have nothing of my own in the form of news beyond what that "child of Nature" will have said.

All busy here,—March winds "snell" as possible (one's new cape not useless) but not unwholesome: fine, dry, and cold, instead of the wet, tepid puddle we have long had, and, in consequence, sleep a little better than them.

But my present business is to tell you exclusively of the Queen's interview, for which great object I have only a few minutes. Swift then, if my poor hand but would! "Interview" took place this day gone a week. Nearly a week before that the Dean and Deaneess (who is called Lady Augusta Stanley, once Bruce, an active, hard and busy woman) drove up here, and, in a solemnly-mysterious, half-quizzical manner, invited me for Thursday, 4th, at 5 p.m.,—"must come; a very high, indeed highest, personage has long been desirous," etc., etc. I saw well enough it was the Queen's *incognita*, and briefly agreed to come. "Half-past four, come you," and then went their ways.

Walking up at the set time I was ushered into that long drawing-room in their monastic edifice. I found no Stanley yet there; only at the further end a tall old year-pole (?) of a Mrs. Grote, the most wooden-headed woman I know in London, or the world, who thinks herself very clever, etc., and the sight of whom led me to expect Mr. too, and perhaps others, as accordingly in a few minutes

fell out. Grote and wife, Sir Charles Lyell and ditto, Browning and myself: that I say to be our party. "Better than nothing," thought I, "these will take off the edge of the thing, if edge there be,"—which it hadn't, nor threatened to have.

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Adieu, dear Sister, Yours ever, T. C.



evening should be Mr. Comyns Carr, the author of Mr. Irving's new play, "King Arthur." Mr. Carr has been many things in his time—dramatic critic, art critic of the *Pall Mall*, lessee of a theatre, originator of the Grosvenor Gallery, and goodness knows what else besides. He tried editing the *English Illustrated Magazine*, and failed to do what Mr. Shorter has done—to make it a success; he collaborated with Hugh Conway in a drama founded on "Called Back," and of course he has written reviews and magazine articles and books in any number. Mr. Carr is a very strongly built man, over the medium height, with a massive leonine face, and a mane of curly grey hair, not unlike Sir Frederick Leighton's. Somebody says that "a Roman nose and a strongly-marked forehead indicate the great capacity he has shown." And now you know all about the author of "King Arthur."

* * *

Do you ever go to have a look at the MSS. in the British Museum? If you do, you will be glad to know that they have been all rearranged in four sections—literary, historical, artistic, and palaeographical—so that you may readily find the thing you want, without allowing the sun to go down on your wrath. Among the autograph letters there is one I should like to tell you about. It is a funny little epistle by Charles Lamb on the subject of musical relics. The letter is thus endorsed by Vincent Novello, to whom it was addressed: "A very characteristic note from dear Charles Lamb, who always pretended to hate all kinds of memorials and *relics*, and assumed a look of fright and horror whenever he reproached me with being a *Papist* instead of a *Quaker*, which sect he pretended to doat upon." Now for the letter: "Dear N.—Pray write immediately to say, 'the book has come safe.' I am anxious, not so much for the autograph as for that bit of the hair-brush. I enclose a cinder which belonged to *Shield* when he was poor and lit his own fires. Any memorial of a great musical genius I know is acceptable, and *Shield* has his merits, though Clementi, in my opinion, is far above him in the *Sostenuto*. Mr. Westwood desires his compliments, and begs to present you with a nail that came out of Jomelli's coffin, who is buried at Naples." Lamb's opinion of *Shield*, and Clementi is, of course, his little joke; for you remember that Elia—as he confesses in that essay which he calls "A Chapter on Ears"—was a most unmusical person. The Mr. Westwood referred to in the letter was Lamb's landlord.

* * *

The popular idea of the publisher is that of a man who rides in his carriage over the bones of the unlucky author, when he is not drinking champagne out of the poor devil's skull. Byron declared that Barabbas must have been in the book trade; and we all know how Mr. Besant wants us to believe that in the matter of accounting to the author the publisher is less frequently on speaking terms with truth than he should be. It is time now that we heard the publishers' opinion of the author, and I am pleased to see that a beginning has been made by Mr. John Murray, of the famous establishment in Albemarle Street. Mr. Murray gives us some very pleasant glimpses of Croker, and Lockhart, and Borrow, and many others. Croker's name has been a good deal bandied about by the critics since the days of that unmerciful slashing by Macaulay. All sorts of tales have been current of his unfairness, his malice, his incompetency. The bitterness, as Mr. Murray remarks, has become an hereditary tradition, and most people mention Croker with a shrug. In this connection Mr. Murray relates a characteristic story

of Thackeray. The author of "Esmond" disliked Croker on "popular grounds," and did not hesitate to give vent to his feelings in print. When Croker was dead, however, the novelist had a convincing instance of his essential kindness of nature, and, with that generosity which ever distinguished him, Thackeray inquired whether Mrs. Croker were alive, that he might offer his apologies for the injustice he had done her husband. Let us hope that the literary historians will note this pleasing incident and do something to rehabilitate poor Croker.

* * *

Du Maurier the author is booming. He has caught the attention of the funny paragraph writers. I give a specimen of the jokes that are now being worked off upon the American public: "Here," said the new missionary, "here are some tracts and sermons, translated into your native language." "Thanks," yawned the king of Mbwpka. "By the way, have you a translation of 'Trilby'?" Not very brilliant, you say; but then the Americans don't think "Trilby" a work of genius. As for the people on this side, they probably content themselves with taking their Du Maurier with their *Punch*. It is now close upon thirty years since the eminent artist sat down at the celebrated *Punch* dinner in place of John Leech, who had been buried but two days before. Mark Lemon was then the editor, and in giving the new artist his instructions he bade him not attempt to follow exactly in the footsteps of Leach. "No," said he, "don't you do funny things, do the graceful side of life; be the tenor in a French opera bouffe." And don't you think Du Maurier has acted up to his instructions?

Carlyle and the Queen.

THE subjoined account was written by Carlyle to his sister Jean, the wife of the late Dr. Aitken, of Dumfries. For sufficient reasons, says the *Athenaeum*, it has hitherto been withheld from publication, and it is only now that we are enabled to give the interesting epistle to the public:

CHICHESTER, March 11, 1869.

DEAR JEAN,—Mary, I find, has inserted for you a small letter along with the one that belongs to the Doctor. I have nothing of my own in the form of news beyond what that "child of Nature" will have said.

All busy here,—March winds "anell" as possible (one's new cape not useless) but not unwholesome: fine, dry, and cold, instead of the wet, tepid puddle we have long had, and, in consequence, sleep a little better than then.

But my present business is to tell you exclusively of the Queen's interview, for which great object I have only a few minutes. Swift then, if my poor hand but would! "Interview" took place this day gone a week. Nearly a week before that the Dean and Deans (who is called Lady Augusta Stanley, once Bruce, an active, hard and busy woman) drove up here, and, in a solemnly-mysterious, half-quizzical manner, invited me for Thursday, 4th, at 5 p.m.,—"must come; a very high, indeed highest, personage has long been desirous," etc., etc. I saw well enough it was the Queen's *incognita*, and briefly agreed to come. "Half-past four, come you," and then went their ways.

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How to Play Mozart's Sonatas.

(Continued from page 29.)

We have now come to the movement which is in every way the hardest in the fantasia to play. The right-hand part must be religiously practised until it is perfectly clear and perfectly legato, and to combine the two qualities will not be found easy. The student will discover that in the endeavour to make obvious the movement of what is really the inner part of a series of three-part progressions (for instance, the A, G and F in the first bar), his touch will have grown somewhat staccato; and as he binds the notes together, he will discover that the clearness has a tendency to depart, and the progressions to become a little muddled. Here, then, is first an exercise of the highest and best kind. It affords also a study in the right use of the pedal, which must be used incessantly, but lifted for just a fraction of a second, so that the dampers may touch the strings at each change of harmony—and there are a good many of them in each bar. It is a barbarous trick that many pianists have of making each set-down of the pedal serve for a whole bar of this movement.

The left hand is quite as "stiff" as the right. It will speedily be felt that in the effort to secure a uniform forte, the thumb is disposed to come down with a thunderous bang on the second of each group of four demisemiquavers, and thus utterly dislocate the rhythm. The left hand must therefore be drilled until the accent can be got upon the first note of each four with the little finger, thus :—



and I would almost recommend each of those first notes to be held down as quavers.

Later on, again, the triplets must be carefully worked at until they can be brought in at the right place, and with just the requisite shock on the quavers that follow them :—



There must be, certainly, an accent on the first note of the triplets, but a much stronger one on the quavers.

The semiquaver arpeggios, with interpolated chord-passages, demand long consideration. The tone at first must be full and noble, but it gradually fines away, until at last, at



it must be thin and almost cutting as muted violins or a solitary oboe. The chords are suggestive, too, of orchestral tone-qualities, but one cannot say whether of brass, or strings, or wind. The best effect will be got by playing them broadly, detached, and without too strong an infusion of any particular colour. But the passage beginning nine bars before the double-bar is evidently strings—strings with a 'cello solo at the top, until we reach,

which always suggests to me the colour I have indicated. It fades away, becomes thinner as it goes; then suddenly, with the forte—or perhaps fortissimo—C, the original mood is reverted to. Or rather, it is not reverted to suddenly: the composer has travelled in a circle; the last mood is the logical result of the preceding one, just as that may in turn be traced back to the last mood as it occurs at first. There is nothing to add to what has already been written, save to call the student's attention to the momentary playing with a phrase (at bars 3, 4 and 5 before the end), where the composer pauses and hesitates, then suddenly dismisses all his woes, his sorrows and his sadness, ere breaking out into the fiercely passionate and determined first allegro of the sonata that follows.

(To be continued.)

How to Practice.

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CHILDREN'S PIECES.

Of the two children's pieces I print this month, the first, Schumann's "Little Hunting Song" is a study in rhythmic, rather emphatic and staccato playing; and the other, a trio from one of Haydn's sonatas, a study in a smooth and singing style of playing, besides being a by no means easy exercise in reading in a difficult, or, as it used to be called, a *remote key*.

It will be noticed that the opening bars of the "Hunting Song" are *forte*, and they should be played with as full and rich a tone as you can get, with plenty of accent on the F's. Then the arpeggio passage, which should also be played loud, is crisp—every note short. In the fifth bar the previous part is repeated with a slight difference. It should be played in the same way, but in the eighth bar a considerable *crescendo* must be made. Then you are ready to give out the phrase after the double bar double *forte*. As a contrast to this, two *piano* bars follow. The tune must be kept up, and plenty of accent given to the note on the first and fourth beat of each bar (for, remember, you are counting six in the bar), but the accented beats need not be so strong—they need only be in proportion to the rest. The next bars contain different notes, but are played with exactly the same expression. The chords following must be very carefully practised, and it should be noticed in the fourth bar from the end there is a G in the alto part—the part under the treble or top part—and this comes unexpectedly on the second beat of the bar.

The thing that will trouble every one in Haydn's trio is the immense number of sharps, for there are no less than seven of them. You know, of course, that E sharp is the same note as F, B sharp the same as C; and that a cross before a note is the sign of the double-sharp, and raises the note two half-tones instead of one half-tone. Thus, that F double-sharp in the

bass of the fifth bar is really a G; the D double-sharp in the treble of the ninth bar an E, and so forth. The appoggiatura in the fourth bar should be played



The mordente directly after the double bar is



The shake three bars following,



And finally the turn in the last bar but two,



Seven sharps will be understood as the key-signature of the last three quotations.

ZIGEUNERTANZ.

I have not much to say about this charming little piano piece for rather more advanced players. Except the difficulty of getting the rapid scales on page 5 absolutely in tune, it presents no difficulties of any sort.

SCHUMANN'S "A VISION."

So far as concerns the matters of producing the voice and breathing, there is not a stiff bar in this song. But it makes the largest demands upon our emotional and aesthetic faculties. The dream-atmosphere, the vague sense of unreality, must be kept up until the words "I wake"; and this means that the voice must be soft and veiled, the consonants delicately handled; that there must be no drama, none of your common or garden ballad-concert singer's word-painting and excess of emotion at "und lauf auf weinend stürz' ich mich zu deinen süßen Füssen." Let the weeping at the lady's feet be seen dimly and far off. At "I wake, and thou art gone," the voice should become a little fuller in tone; and for the unreality, the grip of a very real sorrow must be felt. I am afraid that this will help the singer little; but as Schumann has given the expression marks, and technically the song is easy, students need only concentrate themselves on putting the right emotion into the music, and what I have said may help them to that.

David. An Oratorio by E. C. Essex (Hodge & Essex, 6*th* ed., Rathbone Place, London, W.).

This work, being an oratorio, is naturally built somewhat on the old lines; there are airs, choruses and the usual concerted numbers; but the music is so forcible throughout, and so excellent the workmanship, that *David* may be ranked far above many pretentiously modern attempts. Some of the songs are particularly graceful, and a high pitch of excitement is reached in many of the choruses; the story is simply and directly told, so that there is no difficulty felt in following it; and altogether the oratorio may be cordially recommended to choral societies.

The Rose and the Grave. Song by E. Cresswell (Jefferys).

A pretty little song, the feeling one of prevailing melancholy rising to bare contentment towards the close. The tone of sadness is agreeable, and to many will be a recommendation. Apart from the matter of feeling, the melody is charming and is well worth studying.

Players and Playmen.

"KING ARTHUR" AT THE LYCEUM.

It may fairly be said that the versatile Mr. Comyns Carr took a big piece of work in hand when he accepted Mr. Henry Irving's commission to write a drama on the subject of *King Arthur* for production at the Lyceum Theatre. To begin with, the subject is vast, and offered at once too much and too little to the author. It was impossible to work up the whole of it; yet so closely are the threads of the story interwoven, it is impossible to leave anything out. To take "the coming of Arthur" without the events that follow would have been preposterous; to take these events without "the coming" would have made them meaningless; they would be equally meaningless without "the passing of Arthur," and that without the previous incidents would be in the highest degree nonsensical. So beset with impossible alternatives, what was a poor author to do? The story might have been split into three dramas and a "fore-night," after the Wagnerian manner; and this, probably, Mr. Irving's manager would not hear of. So Mr. Comyns Carr decided on compressing the whole tale, whether it would or not, into the limits of a single evening; to present the audience, as it were, with a sort of *King Arthur*. And, if it be asked whether he has succeeded, the answer is that, all success being comparative, and taking the circumstances into account, he has. In process of compression he has, of course, found it possible to miss out a good deal that is not really essential to the conduct of the plot, and he has taken upon himself to alter a good deal; and for result has produced a bustling drama, full of lovely scenes, containing a few pathetic situations, and crammed with opportunities for Mr. Irving, Mr. Forbes Robertson, and Miss Ellen Terry.

When the curtain rises the scene is so dark and misty that for some time we can see nothing. Then a little light is put on; and our eyes growing more accustomed to the vagueness, we see that the scene is a lake with a rocky shore, and on the surface of the water spirits and nymphs sing and sport. In the backgrounds are mountains, over which the dark sky is slowly becoming tinted by dim and shadowy chrysoprase and amethyst and lastly ruby; but this not for some time yet. Arthur rushes in, followed by Merlin. He demands to know where he is, whose are the voices that he has heard, and asks the usual questions that a well-regulated mind would in similar circumstances. Merlin explains that no mortal eye has seen this shore, and generally speaking, great things may be expected of Arthur, because he has. If not great, at least astonishing things begin to happen at once. The sword Excalibur appears; then Arthur sees in a magical vision Guinevere, his future wife. The vision fades, and the Spirit of the Lake ascends and bids Arthur take the sword; he does so, and the prologue ends. It must be said at once that the scenery designed by Sir Edward Burne Jones, and painted by Mr. Hawes Craven, is magnificent; and makes one wish that Sir Augustus Harris would turn these artists into Covent Garden, with *carte blanche* in respect of cash, to prepare for the coming opera season. It is hardly necessary to speak of the magnificent acting of Mr. Irving as Arthur; Mr. Sydney Valentine does Merlin very well; but it is not a part demanding high qualities in the actor. Miss Maud Milton says the little that she has to say prettily.

This, I say, is the Prologue: Act I. opens in

the great hall in Camelot. The knights are conversing on matters more interesting (I hope) to themselves than the audience, and Lancelot enters. They entertain him with a narrative of the recent coming of the Holy Grail amongst them, and of how Sir Percival and a hundred other knights, being unable to see it clearly when it was close at hand, were about to set off into the wide, wide world in quest of it. Even as they speak the stage grows dark, the rumbling of thunder is heard, and the Grail issues, not through the rifted roof as they had described, but carried by an indistinct and draped female. However, the knights and Lancelot kneel, and the latter surprises the others by saying he will join the hundred who are going on the quest. He directs Mordred to add his name to the list; but he does not go, as we shall see presently. Scenes follow between the King and Queen, the Queen and Elaine, and the Queen and Lancelot. The King tells the Queen that Lancelot has returned and loves Elaine; Elaine tells the Queen that she loves Lancelot and begs her powerful intercession with him; then Lancelot repudiates the connection with Elaine and declares that he loves only the Queen. Presently the knights who are going on tour enter, and Lancelot declares that he will go with them; King Arthur declares he shall not; Merlin is asked to say what Fate thinks of the matter, and answers so ambiguously that he is incontinently and justly hustled out of doors; and finally Guinevere declares in favour of his staying, whereupon he stays and curtain falls. There remains to add to what has been said about the others, that Miss Ellen Terry is marvellously graceful in the part of Guinevere; while Mr. Frank Cooper is scarcely Machiavellian enough in character for Mordred. The scene is a simple one; but the mere play of colour is entirely charming.

In the next act we have "The Whitehorn Wood"—the loveliest scene in the play. It is green and fresh and dewy as nature herself. Little incident occurs, though that little is important; for Mordred detects Guinevere and Lancelot making love in a little bower under the may trees. In the third act he communicates what he has seen to the king, who would not credit it had not Elaine, when she died, directed a certain letter addressed to Guinevere to be put in her hand. That letter tells Guinevere, practically, that she may keep her Lancelot. Of course there is a tremendous hillabulloo. Arthur wants to fight Lancelot, who declines; and the scene ends, somewhat irrelevantly, by all the knights preparing to go off with Arthur at their head to fight someone else. It is in this act that the moments approaching nearest to poignancy are found; and Miss Terry showed how much she can do when she has a chance. Mr. Forbes Robertson also acts and speaks finely; and not only here but in the first and second acts, and especially the first. And Mr. Irving is, as ever, perfect.

In the fourth act the various threads are pulled together and not tied, but cut all at once. For of course the drama has no ending of the conventional sort. Guinevere is about to be burned for her faithlessness to Arthur, who is supposed to be dead; but Arthur comes in, fights for her with Mordred, who has usurped the throne, and gets slain. The barge comes as in the old tale and bears him off to Avalon or Avalon the "isle of sleep." We are informed that Lancelot comes and kills Mordred and frees Guinevere; and are left to imagine

or not, as we please, that he and Guinevere live happily ever after.

As I summed up at the beginning, it need not be done again, except to supplement what I there said by the remark that the drama is not so much a drama as a series of tableaux. Every "curtain" falls upon a striking scene, considered from the picturesque point of view, not upon a striking incident. But everything is so magnificently managed at Mr. Irving's Theatre that whatever is there taken in hand is sure to delight the audiences that assemble.

THE MUSIC.

So much of the music being selected from Sir Arthur Sullivan's old works, there is not a great deal to be said about it. There are times when it satisfies, and times when it is very far indeed from doing so. Of course none of us hear much of the overture, as we are all too busy finding our seats, or having them found for us by attendants who are marvels of civility and willingness, or talking with our friends whom we annoy by treading on their toes, soothe by skilful apology, and outrage by a clumsy "Oh, it's only you!" on finding out who they are. But so much of the overture (which is, I believe, a *Marmion* overture) as I did hear seemed to me merry and rattling, and not at all the kind of thing Wagner or Beethoven would have sent along could Mr. Irving have invited either of them to contribute the music. I may say at once that none of Sir Arthur Sullivan's old things which are here selected for entr'actes are specially well known to me, though I believe I have heard them all before; at least, they are not more familiar to me than the music that occurs in the body of the play, which I am not supposed to have heard before. The prelude to the first act is a vigorous march (it is the Imperial March, is it not?), full of references to the Siegfried Idyll; that of the second is pastoral in character, and full of simple but dainty orchestral effects, in which the flute has a big share. In marked contrast to the music of the second act is the introduction to the third. It is mournful, almost passionately sad, and it only fails of a complete effect because it reminds one irresistibly of parts of Berlioz's *Romeo and Juliet* symphony. Used in the course of the scene where the body of Elaine is brought in, it is touching in the extreme. The prelude to the last act is least fitting of all to what follows; it just misses being fantastic, and is in consequence merely skittish.

To leave the entr'actes and come to the music which accompanies the play, none of it is of the very highest rank; but through Mr. Irving's admirable *mise en scène* it almost all tells in performance as much as if it were. Thus the opening chorus of water-spirits, heard before the curtain rises, makes a wonderful effect, sung as it is behind the scenes; and when we see the misty mere and its sullen stone borders, one can all but agree with Arthur, who declares that they are no earthly voices he has heard. The plain-song chant sung by the Knights who are going in the quest after the Grail is purely theatrical; and the best we can say of it is that it serves. The harmonization is very weak at times, and reminds one of *Hymns Ancient and Modern*. On the other hand, the chorus of the Queen's maids in the maying scene are wonderfully fresh and breezy; and as I have said, the music played in the third act, as the bier that bears the body of Elaine is carried to the Turret, is almost poignantly expressive. That Miss Terry's and Mr. Irving's acting should make one forget all but the acting in the last act is inevitable; only a really great musician could enter into such a competition. The barge floats away, carrying Arthur to fairyland, and one thinks nothing of the music.

MARCH, 1895.

The Organ World.

AFTER many heroic attempts, St. Catherine's College, Cambridge, has procured its new organ. It was opened on February 9, by Dr. Bunnett, of Norwich, and Mr. H. W. Richards. Here is the specification:—

GREAT.	Ft.		
Double Open Diapason	16	Harmonic Flute	4
Open Diapason (large)	8	Piccolo	2
Open Diapason (small)	8	Mixture (12th, 17th, 19th, 22nd) 4 ranks.	8
Hohl Flote	8		
Principal	4	Harmonic Trumpet	8

CHOIR.	Ft.	Ft.	
Dulciana	8	Flauto Traverso	4
Lieblich Gedacht	8	Flageolet	2
Viola	8	Clarinet	8
Dulcet	4		

SWELL.	Ft.	Ft.	
Bourdon (tone)	16	Vox Angelica	8
Open Diapason	8	*Harmonic Gedacht	4
Stopped Diapason	8	Mixture 3 ranks.	
Gamba	8	Oboe	8
Gemshorn	4	Horn	8
Unda Maris	8	Contra Fagotto	

* This stop is the counterpart of the so-called "German Flute," introduced by Snetzler in his organ at King's Lynn, erected in 1754.

PEDAL.	Ft.	Ft.	
Open Diapason (wood)	16	Bass Flute	8
Open Diapason (metal)	16	Trombone	16
Dulciana	16	Violoncello	8
Bourdon (tone)	16		

COUPLERS.	
Choir to Pedal.	Choir to Swell.
Great to Pedal.	Swell to Great.
Swell to Pedal.	Swell Super Octave.

ACCESORIES.
1. Four combination pistons to Swell.
2. Four combination pistons to Great.
Each of these pistons provides at the same time its appropriate Pedal organ.

3. One piston serves as Swell to Great Coupler.
4. Tremulant.

Truly the passion for large instruments in tiny buildings grows apace.

Following is the specification of an organ recently erected in Kirkley Parish Church by Messrs. Norman Bros. & Beard. It was opened by Dr. Mann on February 5.

GREAT.	Ft.	Ft.	
Contra Gamba	16	Harmonic Flute	4
Large Open Diapason	8	Principal	4
Small Open Diapason	8	Grave Mixture, 2 ranks.	
Hohl Flute	8	Piccolo	2
Rohr Flute	8	Trumpet	2

SWELL.	Ft.	Ft.	
Lieblich Bourdon	16	Principal	4
Violin Diapason	8	Mixture, 3 ranks.	
Lieblich Gedacht	8	Cornoepan	8
Vox Angelica	8	Oboe (Tremulant)	8
Vox Celeste	8		

CHOIR.	Ft.	Ft.	
Geigen Principal	8	Flauto Traverso	4
Clarabella	8	Dulcet	4
Dulciana	8	Cor Anglais	8

SOLO.	Ft.	Ft.	
Viola	8	Clarinet	8
Flute Harmonique	8	Orchestral Oboe	8
Tuba	8	Vox Humana	8

PEDAL.	Ft.	Ft.	
Open Diapason	16	Principal	8
Bourdon	16	Trombone	16

COUPLERS.	
Swell to Pedal.	Swell to Great.
Great to Pedal.	Swell Octave.
Solo to Pedal.	Solo to Great.
Choir to Pedal.	Swell to Choir.

For want of space I must hold over till next month specifications of new organs by Hill & Son, and J. J. Binns.

A large assembly mustered at the new London Organ School premises of this institution, in Prince's Street, Cavendish Square, on Friday, February 15, when it was announced that the

GUILD OF ORGANISTS.

Patron: The Right Rev. the Lord BISHOP OF LONDON.
President: E. J. HOPKINS, Esq., Mus. D., Cantuar.

Wardens: J. T. FIELD.

The NEXT EXAMINATION for Certificate of practical Musicianship, and Fellowship of the Guild (F. Gid. O.) will be held January 17th, 1895. Registers of vacancies and Candidates for Organ Appointments kept. Hon. Sec. Frank B. TOWNSEND, Org. and Chorals, Brentwood, and 4, Huggins Lane, Queen Victoria Street, London.

Marchioness of Londonderry would distribute medals and certificates to a number of the students. Lady Londonderry was prevented by illness from attending, and her place was filled by her eldest daughter, Lady Helen Stewart. Among the supporters were Mr. Hulse, M.P., who briefly returned thanks to Lady Helen, Dr. T. H. Yorke-Trotter, Mr. Henry Clark (the Principal), Colonel Trotter, R.E., and the Hon. Mrs. Mitford. After the presentation, Miss Edroff, the winner of the gold medal, gave an organ recital, the items being selected from Bach and other masters. The arrangements reflected credit upon Mr. H. H. Welch, the Secretary, and his fellow-officials. This institution can now boast of 400 pupils.

I hear little of the doings of the Church Orchestral Society just now, but accounts of a large number of orchestral performances in churches have come to hand. I give the most important of them in brief:—*St. Mary's (Catholic) Church, West Hartlepool* (on the occasion of the opening, February 5), Beethoven's Mass in C. Other musical items on that occasion included Gounod's "Ave Maria" (with violin obbligato), Handel's "Hallelujah" Chorus, and the "Ecce Sacerdos" (with the whole band). *St. Mary's Priory (Catholic), Fulham Road, London.*—Gounod's *Messe Solennelle*, on the occasion of the Feast of the Seven Founders, February 11. At *Holy Cross (Catholic) Church, Glasgow*, a miscellaneous programme of sacred music was rendered on Sunday evening, February 10. At the invitation of the Rector, the Choral Society performed Handel's *Messiah* in the *Parish Church, Rushden*, on January 31. Selections from the same oratorio were given at *Chertsey Parish Church* (the orchestra on this occasion being only a small one); *Wilton Church, Hawick, N.B.* (band and chorus numbering 150); and at *St. Mark's Church, Wrexham*, on which last occasion there was also performed a new setting of the Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis, by Mr. C. M. Bailey.

The publication of "The Church of England Hymnal" is now announced. It is compiled by Canon Bell for Evangelical circles, and is to serve as a counterblast to Hymns A. & M. Dr. Mann is responsible for the musical editorship, and that naturally means that at least one portion of the work of editing will be well done. I have not seen the book yet, and wonder much whether the clerical hand is as ludicrously apparent in the matter of expression marks as in poor Hymns A. & M. In this latter connection, Mr. Sidebotham, M.P., Mus. Bac., etc., informs us, in the columns of a contemporary, that he has been lecturing on hymns, and was "struck by the fine effect" when his audience sang hymns from leaflets which he distributed, with "careful observance of the expression marks," with which the said leaflets were besprinkled. He pleads earnestly for a more liberal sprinkling of them in our hymnals. Rash young man! Is he going to have them inserted by clerical editors (who with any sense of humour could wish that?), or by musicians; and if by the latter, can he tell us whether the original purpose of a hymn was to serve as an outburst of united praise—bold and strong—or as a sugared part-song, inconsequently "wobbling" through all the grades between *f* and *p*?

I make no apology for inserting verbatim the following from the *Church Musician*. It is significant, and explains itself. "H. K., writing in the *Sunday Times*, says:—I have received letters from two or three well-known musicians who possess University degrees—among them Mr. Alfred J. Caldicott, Mus. Bac., Cantab.—complaining that their names are omitted from the recently issued 'Roll of the Graduates in Music.' The matter is rather serious; first, because this 'Roll' has been described as giving 'from official sources the whole of the names of Doctors and Bachelors in Music of the various Universities of

the United Kingdom'; secondly, because it is not in any sense a complete list; and, thirdly, because the proprietors (as shown in a letter that I have before me) do not disguise their intention of omitting the name of any musical graduate who refuses to pay his annual subscription to the 'Union.' The usefulness of this new institution, as a protection against the harm done by so-called 'bogus' degrees, I fully recognise; at the same time, the Roll loses a great deal of its value through not being complete, and, indeed, cannot be said to legitimately fulfil its purpose in consequence. It may be urged that every genuine 'Mus. Doc.' and 'Mus. Bac.' ought to support the movement, and that is undoubtedly so; but the fact that some do not think it worth their while to become subscribers makes it all the more essential for it to be clearly understood that the so-called Roll contains only the names of those graduates who are members of the Union. If there be some excuse for the Union of Graduates, there is none whatever for a body like the Royal College of Organists, which is, I am informed, in the habit of levying a tax of a guinea per annum upon all of its Fellows who desire to see their names published in its year-book. In case of non-payment, the name is simply left out. This is a wholly indefensible proceeding, and quite unworthy of an institution which boasts the dignity of a royal charter. Does the College of Organists sell its year-book or give it away? If the former, the exclusion of any names from the list of Fellows is unfair to the purchasers; if the latter, it is equally unfair that the Fellows should have to help towards the expenses. In either case, the College is quite wealthy enough to be able to do without such petty extortions from musicians who have already paid its fees for the privilege of writing 'F.C.O.' after their names."

That hoary old opportunist, Dr. Recitals and Sparke, of Leeds, has been improving New Music. The shining hour in his usual breezy fashion. Russian affairs having been well to the fore lately, the busy Doctor devoted two of his free recitals to a "special selection of Russian music." The thanks of a mighty nation await good Doctor S. Another "Doctor of Music" announces a series of recitals of "music by composers of efficient nationalities," whatever that may mean. Mr. Lemare's performances go gaily on at Holy Trinity, Sloane Street. The music is interesting, and, needless to say, the rendering is good.

Book II. of Mr. Best's *Cecilia* is specially interesting. Its contents include Hesse's *Fantasia* in C minor, Op. 22, Samuel Wesley's *Prelude and Fugue* in D minor. Capocci's *Pezzi Originali* have now reached a tenth volume, which is as interesting as former ones. Let us hope for an early publication of Purcell's *Toccata*, recently unearthed by Dr. Bridge.

The proposed "echo" organ at Westminster is now an accomplished fact. The order has been definitely given to Hill & Son. Dr. Garrett was presented by the Cambridge Vice-Chancellor (on behalf of "admirers of his music, colleagues in the University, and personal friends") with a set of Mus. Doc. robes, a silver tea-service, and salver, to commemorate his fiftieth year of musical work. Gounod's *Redemption* (first part) and Stainer's *Crucifixion* are to be given on alternate Wednesdays at Marylebone Church during Lent. They seem a conservative folk at that church; I fancy the above-named items have been on the Lenten musical bill there for a good many years now. If they are worn threadbare at that particular church, however, the listeners have always one consolation: they get a good performance, which is more than they could expect at many widely advertised churches. St. Paul's Day was celebrated at the Metropolitan Cathedral in the usual manner. A full orchestra was in attendance, and the music included Gounod's *Messe Solennelle* in the morning and the usual selections from *St. Paul* in the evening. Bach's *St. Matthew Passion* will be given there, as usual, on Tuesday in Holy Week, with full band and augmented choir. The death is announced of the widow of Sir John Goss, at the advanced age of 95.

JUBAL (JUNIOR).

Steinway & Sons' Employés' Dinner.

THIS was held at the Horseshoe Restaurant, Tottenham Court Road, on December 29, 1894, Mr. E. Eshelby, the manager of Messrs. Steinway & Sons' London establishment, being in the chair. It passed off in every way satisfactorily ; and, with one or two exceptions from illness, most of the employés were present. After the usual toasts had been proposed by the Chairman, Mr. G. Stark proposed that of Messrs. Steinway & Sons, coupled with the names of Mr. William Steinway and Mr. E. Eshelby. He said,—

"It would be presumption on my part to attempt to add anything to the volumes that have been written and the thousands of speeches that have been made in honour of Mr. William Steinway, whose good works have made his name known and respected throughout the civilized world. I will only say, therefore, that I am very pleased to be able to announce that Mr. William Steinway will probably pay Europe a visit during the forthcoming summer. Mr. Eshelby has the esteem and loyal respect of us, one and all, and it is our duty so to work and so to conduct ourselves that we may be worthy of his esteem and respect."

In responding to this toast, Mr. Eshelby said,—

"I am very much obliged to you, gentlemen, for the very kind manner in which you have drunk the health of Messrs. Steinway & Sons, particularly associating with it the name of its president, Mr. William Steinway, my old chief. An interesting item of last year's business has been the presentation by Sir Augustus Harris of three Steinway grand pianofortes for competition by pupils of the three principal colleges of music in London. Some friends of Sir Augustus Harris (principal among whom was Mr. Henry Russell, who has composed so many favourite English songs) wished to give a testimonial to Sir Augustus, and, after consultation, it was decided to found a scholarship, or to give a Steinway piano to each academy of music, to be competed for by the pupils as a prize; the subscriptions, however, only ran to the latter point, so this was the form the testimonial took. These pianos have already been competed for, Miss Augusta Foster, of the Guildhall School of Music, Miss Toms, of the Royal College of Music, and Miss Greenhill, of the Royal Academy of Music, being the three successful competitors. This has been the means of wide-spread advertisement for us. Sir Augustus has likewise informed us that ten more Steinway pianos will be bought to be given as prizes at his fancy dress balls."

The next toast proposed was that of the Repairing Department, coupled with the name of Mr. A. Henn. In proposing this toast, the Chairman said,—

"I owe much to the capable management of Mr. Henn in the above department. He undoubtedly has a great deal to contend with, but I am happy to say that the repairs are now turned out more rapidly, and give greater satisfaction than heretofore." In responding to this toast, Mr. Henn said, "I am glad my efforts in the past have been appreciated ; my only desire is to give satisfaction."

The next toast proposed was that of the Tuning Department, coupled with the name of Mr. F. Walker. The Chairman said that in coupling the name of Mr. F. Walker with this toast he did so not only on account of the great respect he had for him but in consideration of his being the oldest tuner in the employ of Messrs. Steinway & Sons, London. The next toast was that of the Porterage Department, coupled with the name of Mr. Enoch Stubbings. Speaking of the porters, the Chairman said they were a fine set of fellows, and worked very hard, and during the past year there had been no damage done to any instruments through carelessness, nor had he received any complaint from any customer with regard to them ; he might still further say, that his own medical man had occasion to give advice to one of the men, and he (the medical man) told him afterwards that this porter was the finest physical specimen of a man he had ever seen. Mr. F. C. Price then proposed the health of the Seymour Athletic Club, coupling it with the name

of Mr. Geo. Eshelby, vice-captain, who said that the Club had met with unopposed success. The final toast of the evening was that proposed by the Chairman, to the Press, and the rest of the evening was devoted to music.

Music in Exeter.

THE re-awakening of musical life, for which we have so long waited, is now taking place. The second annual concert of Miss Kitty Althaus at the Royal Public Rooms was a very auspicious opening of the year. The programme was an ambitious one, described as of "classical and modern" music. It attracted a large and critical audience, and the applause and recalls each number received from such a gathering must have been not a little flattering to those taking part. Miss Althaus in her two difficult violin solos literally fascinated her listeners. It was a brilliant performance in the higher technique of the art, while for purity of tone and refinement of expression it was all that could be desired. Miss Althaus was assisted by Herr Althaus (piano), Herr B. Althaus ('cello), by Mr. Ferris Tozer, Mr. A. C. Roper, Miss Saxton and Miss Suchel Champion, well-known local vocalists, and others. Selections from Brahms' quartettes were among the vocal numbers.

Notwithstanding the very severe weather, Mr. Santley's concert party drew a full audience to the large Victoria Hall, and all were so delighted that nearly every number in the programme was encored and was responded to. The proceedings were thus extended to a rather inordinate length. The artistes were Mdlle. Trebelli, Miss Florence Hoskins, Mr. Chas. Chilley, Mr. Santley, Mr. B. Carrodus (violin), and M. Delafosse (piano). The vocal numbers largely consisted of Mrs. Wright's compositions (the accompanist). The concert all round was one of the best heard in Exeter for some time.

I am pleased to state that the Oratorio Society have made arrangements for the production, early in May, of Sir A. Sullivan's *Golden Legend*. I have many times suggested this step in these columns. It seems not a little astonishing that the citizens have not previously had an opportunity of hearing this work by one of the local musical societies. However, I am pleased to find that my "hammering away" has had some effect. Rehearsals have begun in earnest. Sir A. Sullivan has approved the soloists engaged, as follows :—Miss Medora Henson, Miss Marie Hooton, Mr. E. Branscombe and Mr. Daniel Price. Mendelssohn's motett, "Hear my prayer," will precede Sir A. Sullivan's work.

We have just had an excellent week's performance, by local amateurs, of Andran's light opera, *Olivette*. The proceeds were in aid of a couple of local philanthropic institutions and of the Western Counties Musical Association, the latter of which has recently drifted into troubled waters. The brilliant singing of Miss Platt in the title rôle created something like a sensation, and her dramatic ability was equal to her vocal gifts. Many touring professionals have been heard to much less advantage. After all expenses are paid, about £100 is left to be divided as stated. This amount would have been even larger but for the fact that the ice in the neighbourhood drew so many hundreds skating. The performance of the opera was a singularly enjoyable one, nearly every song and dance being doubly and trebly encored. Thus the audience were satisfied, the amateurs were highly pleased, while certainly the *bénéficiaires* will be gratified. With so much mutual satisfaction, a second similar performance might be tried, say towards the close of the year. It is undeniably a most unexceptionably agreeable way of raising money for charitable purposes. I should add that not a little of the success of the performance, musically, was due to the conductorship of Mr. D. J. Wood, Mus. Bac., organist of the Cathedral, who had charge of the orchestra for the occasion.

We have another grand concert coming off shortly. It is a revival of the series of subscription concerts held for nearly twenty years by Mr. Farley Sinkins prior to his removal to London. The approaching concert will be given by Mr. Norman Kendall (of the Cathedral Choir) in conjunction with Mr. Sinkins,

The vocalists and instrumentalists announced to appear are Miss Ella Russell, Miss Beata Francis, Miss Lindo, Mme. Antoinette Sterling, Mr. Harrison Brockbank, Signor Campanini, Signor Novaro, Miss Janotta, Mons. Max Mossé and M. de Jong ; accompanist, Mr. Spencer Lorraine. W. C.

Music in Glasgow.

THE performance of Verdi's *Requiem* and Gounod's *Gallia*, on Tuesday, 15th, were not well attended. Both works have already been heard here, and one would have thought this would have added zest to hear them again. The rendition of both works was as near perfection as can be expected from any amateur combination. The artists were Miss Fillinger, Madam Emily Squire, and Messrs. Iver McKay, and Daniel Price, who all gave faithful renderings of the beautiful solo music given to their respective parts. Mr. Bradley, who conducted, is to be congratulated on the manner in which the chorus sang the very exacting music. The Scottish Orchestra supplied the accompaniments.

On the Wednesday of the same week in the same place, St. Andrew's Hall, Paderevski, single-handed, crowded the house. His programme, which was long and varied, contained the "Moonlight" Sonata, Chopin's Selections, and "Spinning" song from Mendelssohn's *Leider*, and the inevitable "Liszt Rhapsodie." Paderevski remarked to a friend after the concert, "he felt in the humour, and thought he had done himself justice." The public evidently were of the same mind, and were unstinted in their applause, which necessitated a repeat of several items.

The Amateur Orchestral Society gave a concert in St. Andrew's large hall last month, and the attendance showed that they are gaining favour with our musical public, and are now looked upon as a genuine institution, whose appearances are looked forward to with pleasure. The programme was ambitious, and the playing of the different items would have been creditable to professional musicians. The principal items were : Magic Flute overture ; Concerto for Violin and Orchestra (G minor), Max Bruch ; Gade's Symphony, No. 4 ; Raff's Festmarch ; "Honour and Arms," and Werner's "Parting Song." Mr. T. W. Hocok, who conducted, had his forces well in hand.

The principal event lately with the Scottish Orchestra, under Mr. Henschel, was a Wagner night, with the band considerably augmented in the wind section. The programme was mostly of his latest works, viz., Siegfried Idyll ; Parsifal Overture, Ride of the Walküres ; Funeral March from the Götterdämmerung, etc., etc. The audience was larger than usual.

At the Saturday Popular Concert in the same week Mr. Sons, the leader, played Dvorak's Concerto for Violin, and Madame Samuell sang "Vinto e l'amor" Handel, with much success.

The next event of importance was on Tuesday, the 12th, the 2nd and 3rd Acts of Wagner's *Flying Dutchman* being given in St. Andrew's Hall, the artistes being Madame Ella Russell, Miss Janson, and Messrs. Leyland, Alex Marsh, and David Bispham. The choruses were given by the Glasgow Choral Union, and Mr. Jos. Bradley conducted. The same selection was given last season, and need not be commented upon, only to say that there is a distinct improvement all round. All the artists acquitted themselves well, Madame Russell carrying the honours in her exacting music. Mr. Bradley deserves praise for the efficiency of the chorus.

Last, but not least, Herr Emil Sauer gave a concert on Wednesday, 14th, in the Queen's Room, which was filled. Expectancy ran high to hear the rival (said to be) of Paderevski. The programme was comparatively fresh. Beethoven's Sonata, Op. 110 ; Schumann's Toccata Sonata, Op. 58 ; Chopin, Lubstrum, and Valse Impromptu, Liszt, and two compositions of his own. He had a good reception, and complied with two encores. There can be no doubt that Sauer is entitled to be ranked as a great artist of much individuality, and capable of making a distinct impression on his hearers. The concert was under the direction of Messrs. Murhead and Turnbull, Music-sellers.



The Academies.

LONDON ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

THE following young ladies and gentlemen were fortunate enough to secure scholarships for 1895 at the last examination.

VOCALISTS.—Misses Helen Ambrose, Lily Boutroy, Mabel Calkin, Margaret Edwards, Elsie Goddard, Jennie Higgs, Edith Serpell, Alice Sinclair, Ethel Sinclair; Messrs. Gilbert Denis, Walter George, Charles Loder and Adolpho de Nichola.

PIANISTS.—Misses Kate Bruckshaw, Jeannette Moore, Jessie Peake, Maud Smithers, Edith Varley, Winifred Wicks, and Master Harold Samuel.

VIOLINISTS.—Misses Ethel Beethstone, Beatrix Defries, Fanny Darling Jacobs, Alice Maud Liebmann, Master Maurice Alexander.

At the last non-students' examination at the London Academy the following candidates were successful:—

VOCALISTS.—*Bronze Medalists:* Amy Bonnett, Stephanie Braselmann, Ursula M. P. Brown, Mary Ann Clayton, Ella Courtney, Marian Dyke, Hannah M. Porter, Mary Florence Seal, Margaret Smorthwaite, Mabel S. Spender. *Silver Medalists:* Ellen Barnes, May Isabella Collinge, Mary Rhoda Hubbard, Lucy M. Jarrett, Helen Alice Knowlman, Flora Margherita Morelli, Florence Ogilvy, Clara Powell, Kathleen Woolmer-Williams.

PIANISTS.—*Bronze Medalists:* Winifred Barker, Agnes Louise Blackburne, Violet K. Blaklock, Ada B. Brown, Mary Campbell, Winifred Chapman, Maggie W. Elderkin, Margaret Ellis, Margaret Meekins Johnson, Annie Rhoda Lawman, Alexandra Rosina Louisa MacLennan, Florence Edith Matcham, Herbert Panrucker, Rebecca Siegenberg, Kate E. Smith, Mary Jane Falcon Storey. *Silver Medalists:* Mabel Allen, Nellie Adeline Brown, Edith Ward Coombe, Alice Ellen Davison, Marian Dyke, Edith Gregory, Dora Grace Halfpenny, Ethel Hitchcock, Bessie Loader, Minnie Samuell, Emily A. Segrott, Madeline Alexandra Turner, Lillian Whicher. *Gold Medalists:* Lillian Amy Stephanie Bindon, Ada R. Calkin, Sophie Freeman, Lina Wyllie.

VIOLINISTS.—*Bronze Medalists:* Ellen Clayton, E. Maude Dixon, Lucie Ely, Dora Meyers, Isabel Phillips, Alice Trounce, Nancy Wood. *Silver Medalist:* Beatrice E. Youngman.

HARPIST.—*Silver Medalist:* Katherine B. Yaxley.

FLAUTIST.—*Bronze Medalist:* George William Caudwell.

HARMONISTS.—*Bronze Medalists:* Mabel Grace Clapshaw, Louise Zillah Dugdale, Ethel Hitchcock, Eleanor Ann Hughes, Madeline Alexandra Turner. *Silver Medalist:* Alfred R. Pemberton.

LONDON COLLEGE OF MUSIC.

The following is a list of those who were successful in obtaining diplomas at the examination recently held:—

LICENTIATES IN MUSIC (L.Mus. L.C.M.).—Charles Evans, Edward S. Mills, Thomas Thornton.

ASSOCIATES IN MUSIC (A.Mus. L.C.M.).—Frank Gatward, William M. Brown, Isaac Jackson, Gwilym Rowlands, Harvey L. Wickham, William Bradley, Frank Robinson, Peter Humphreys, Frances O. Souper.

LICENTIATES (L.L.C.M.).—*Pianoforte Playing:* Eleanor M. Truman, George R. Smith, Grace F. Partington, Susanna Wallis, Emily Follows, Gertrude M. Parkinson, James C. Casson, Hannah Hughes, Mary Ann Thomas, Sarah Jane Wright, Beatrice Gregory, Agnes S. Oxley, Edith Ireland, Alice M. Sandford, Ernest W. Wallis. *Organ Playing:* Francis Hatson Wright. *Singing:* J. Bertram Storer, George Addison Smith, Mina Coulthurst.

ASSOCIATES (A.L.C.M.).—*Pianoforte Playing:* Maud Stevenson, Winifred Perks, Fannie M. Skinner, Ada E. Tristram, Pauline F. Ross, Isabella P. Harper, Elizabeth S. J. King, Blanch Bartholomew, Ellis Riley, Mary Warnington, Thomas J. S. Ward, Henry W. Harrison, Georgia M. S. Stoakes, Emily L. Holland, Susanna Wallis, Ada B. Halsey, Victoria A. C. Monk, Adeliza Cuthbert, Ellen Guest, Edward B. Mabbott, Charles Genna, Winifred N. Slack,

Cordelia M. Harris, Mabel C. Welby, Emilie M. Hunt, Mary E. James, Martha H. Gibson, Henriette L. Brauer, Edith C. Hubbard, May Booth, Nellie Carpenter, Clara M. Flavell, Sidney Williams, Jane B. Brough, Henrietta English, Eleanor G. Davies, Louisa A. Robertshaw, Ethel M. Walker, Mary G. Kirby, Katherine E. Welman, Alice M. Marriott, Lily McLaughlin, Constance Mallinson, Amea R. Barnard, Elizabeth C. Lunn, Amy Mitchell, Jane E. Hardy, Margaret F. Simms, Fannie Langford, Alice R. Ward, Maggie Hoskins, Frances E. Hartley, Alice G. Darling, Francis H. Wright, Alice M. T. Stewart. *Singing:* Elizabeth S. Whytock, Hilda Nicholas, Florence Lemere, George Dodds, jun., Francis J. D. Reid, Marion Christophers, John Howard, Alice M. Harrison, Rose E. Hickley. *Violin Playing:* John J. W. Arkwright, Clementina Wilkinson, Minnie Jackson, Harry Brooks. *Organ Playing:* John Birch, William Bradley.

The examiners were Horton Allison, Mus. Doc. Dublin, Mus. Bac. Cantab., F.R.A.M.; W. H. Longhurst, Mus. Doc. Cantab., F.R.C.O., F.C.C.G.; Walter H. Sangster, Mus. Doc. Oxon.; Mr. G. Augustus Holmes; Alfred J. Caldicott, Mus. Bac. Cantab.; F. J. Karn, Mus. Bac. Cantab.; Seymour Smith; C. H. Briggs, Mus. Doc. Cantab.; Theodore S. Tearne, Mus. Bac. Oxon.; Orlando A. Mansfield, F.R.C.O.; William C. Dewsberry, Mus. Bac. Cantab., A.R.A.M.; J. Maude Crumpton, Mus. Bac. Oxon.; and Mr. Churchill Sibley.

The total number of candidates entered for the diploma examination was 152, of which 101 passed, 47 failed, and 4 were absent.

TRINITY COLLEGE, LONDON.

The Maybrick Prize of five guineas for ballad singing has been awarded to Miss Helen Vivienne Ambrose, and the Pianoforte Accompaniment Prize of five guineas (presented by Mr. Henry R. Bird), to Miss Mabel Phillips. The examiners were Mr. Myles B. Foster, L.T.C.L., and Mr. Alfred Gilbert.

COLLEGE OF ORGANISTS.

The following unwise persons sat for the last Associateship of the College of Organists, and secured their diplomas:—Abbott, W., Glasgow; Adams, W., Hammersmith; Andrews, M., Erith; Bell, W. H., St. Albans; Bennett, Miss A. G., London, W.; Brennan, C. J., Shefford; Brookes, H., Oldham; Carr, A., London, W.; Christie, N., Dundee; Cooke, M. E., Ipswich; Covey, H. J. R., Winchcombe; Cowan, J. H., Fratton; Einhauser, Miss A., London, E.; Gabriel, Miss F., London, S.W.; Gillon, B. K., London, N.; Gorst, H. S., Bolton; Grocock, W., Leicester; Halsall, T., Birkdale; Hartley, E. G., Huddersfield; Holloway, F., London, N.; Humm, H., Cambridge; Ibbs, W. H., Bradford; Ingham, A., Blackburn; Ingham, A. B., Manchester; Kingdon, W. F., London, N.W.; Lunn, H., Huddersfield; Lyde, Miss C. M., Kirkby Stephen; Mann, A., London, N.; Naish, A. J., Wallingford; Parkes, D., Blackheath, Staffordshire; Patman, G. T., Peterborough; Price, A. N., Bristol; Richards, N. G., Brighton; Ridgway, C., London, W.; Semple, J. F., Kilmaron; Slater, W., London, N.; Tayler, E. N., Exeter; Thompson, H., Dinting.

LEEDS COLLEGE OF MUSIC.—Mr. Edgar Haddock gave a violin recital at the Leeds College of Music on February 12, his programme including Bach's *Chaconne* and Beethoven's concerto. Mr. Wallis Vincent was the accompanist. Herr Emil Sauer is advertised to give a piano recital in Leeds on the 26th. Mr. Edward Lloyd will sing at Messrs. Edgar and G. Percy Haddock's "Musical Evening," on Tuesday the 19th inst., and the Messrs. Haddock have also arranged a benefit concert for the 23rd, in aid of the Leeds Distress Fund. The "Student's Hour," a short concert held twice a week at the Leeds College of Music, has proved to be amongst the most interesting features of the College curriculum.

AMONG the novelties Sir Augustus Harris intends to produce during his forthcoming opera season at Covent Garden will be a work entitled "Harold," by Mr. F. H. Cowan, the libretto being from the pen of Sir Edward Malet.

Myddleton Hall.

ON Wednesday, January 30, was produced for the first time a new "Comedy Opera" in three acts, written by Mr. Lynn Royd, and composed by Mr. G. C. Richardson, entitled, *Hawkwood Hall*. The plot is of the simplest character, viz.: Colonel Brockleby, a rich retired military officer, comes to Hawkwood Hall and seeks the hand of Gertrude, the daughter of Sir Fred Frampton, an impudent baronet. Finding, however, that her heart has already been won by Jack Lynmouth, a poor clerk, he (the Colonel) in a most magnanimous manner settles a good income on his rival and retires from the scene. Mr. Lynn Royd has constructed round this rather impossible incident a very neat little "book," full of humorous situations, and containing dialogue of an altogether exceptional excellence, albeit the pruning knife is necessary here and there, especially in one or two of the speeches of Lady Frampton (Sir Frederick's wife). With regard to the music, Mr. G. C. Richardson has succeeded in writing some tuneful, if not very original numbers. They certainly contain much of what Mr. Ebenezer Prout would call "unconscious reminiscence." Mr. Richardson accompanied the opera throughout on the piano, and showed much taste and skill in so doing. Miss Gertrude Matz as Lady Frampton was head and shoulders above her associates both as actress, elocutionist, and vocalist. She possesses a really beautiful contralto voice, and Mr. Richardson would have improved his musical share of this Comedy Opera by giving her something worth singing. Mr. Lynn Royd was admirable as Sir Fred Frampton, and proved that he can act as well as write. Miss Ada Boys was very good as Gertrude, but her music was far too high. Mr. Hutchinson (the Colonel) had a good part and did it well. But Mr. Alfred Ward surely left his voice at home, or at any rate he gave us very little of it. Mr. Malc-Matz is an excellent comedian, and caused shouts of laughter; and Miss Laura Hunter as a French maid was quite charming. The chorus was well up to the work, but the music here was much too high. The only thing that marred the ensemble was a stupid old lady in a flowing black silk dress, who succeeded admirably in getting in every body's way. But perhaps this was intended; they do funny things in Comic Opera sometimes.

G. F. G.

Accidentals.

BERLIOZ'S *Romeo and Juliet* has recently been given at Vienna for the first time in its entirety since 1846.—The rumour that Herr Mottl will bring the orchestra and company of the Carlsruhe Opera House to London during the summer finds little credence in the German papers.—The copyright of Meyerbeer's works expired at the end of last year, and several German firms announce cheap editions of his works.—Mr. Gustave Garcia has resigned his professorship at the R.A.M.—Dr. Garrett, of Cambridge, has been presented with a set of Doc. Mus. robes and some plate on the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of the commencement of his musical career.—Professor Prout's next book will be on "Applied Forms."—The Bishop of Bangor and Dr. Roland Rogers are compiling a new hymnal in Welsh.—The Bayreuth Town Council have refused to buy the Wagner Museum, which had been offered for £4,500.—Sir A. C. Mackenzie has been elected a corresponding member of La Société des Compositeurs de Musique de Paris.—Our contemporary *The Keyboard* is dead. Another lesson to the foolish persons who will start new musical journals.

MR. WATKIN MILLS has won golden opinions from the press and the public during his recent tour in the United States and Canada. The best authorities place him in the front rank of oratorio singers, and express wishes that he will repeat his visit at the earliest opportunity.







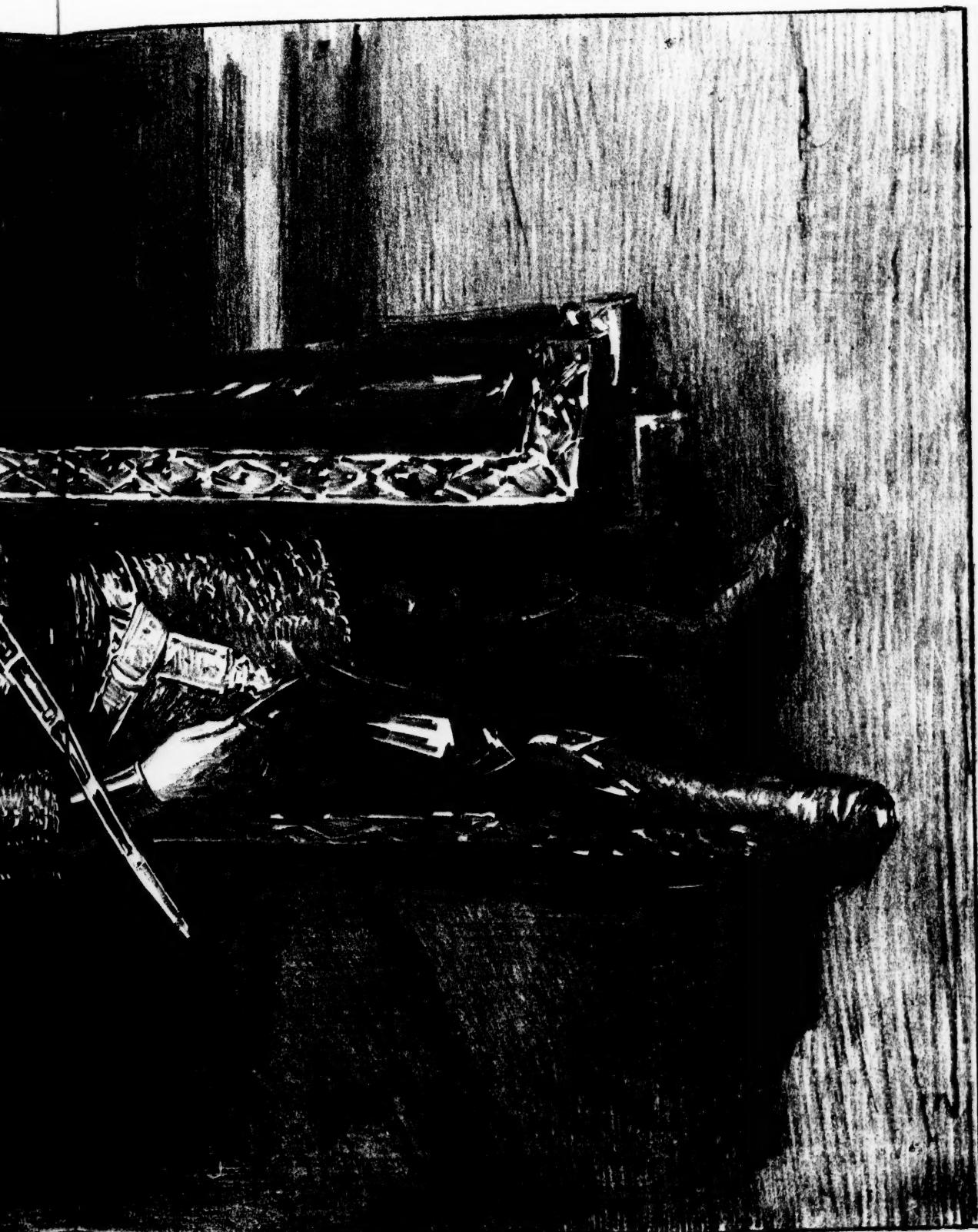
DR MARTIN.



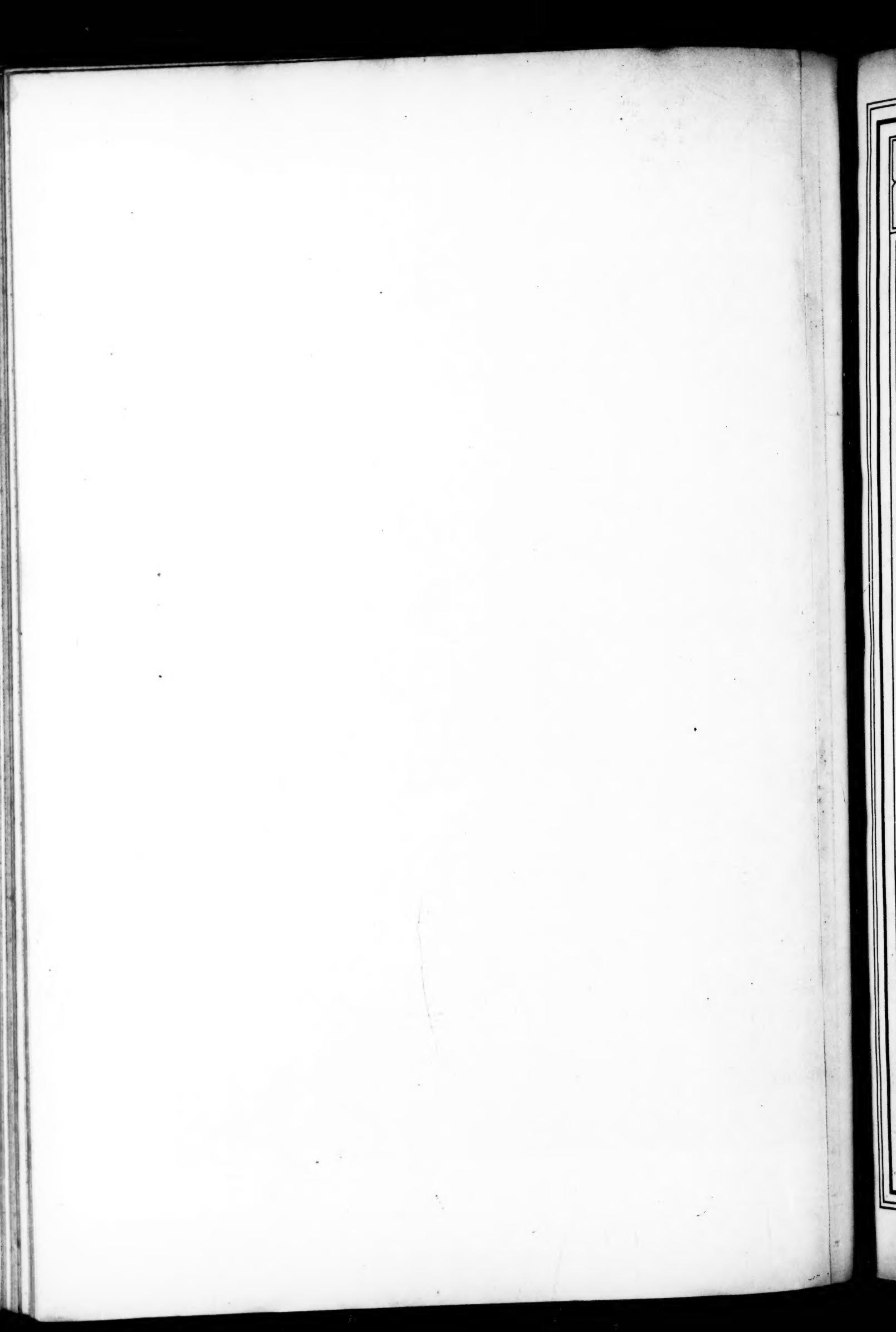
A. Smith







MR HENRY IRVING AS "KING ARTHUR."



Magazine of Music Supplement, March 1895.

A VISION.

Song by R. Schumann.

Zigeunertanz

by
R. Schumann.

"Come away, for Day is closing."

Two Part Song for Children's Voices
by FERRIS TOZER.

Jägerliedchen

(A little Hunting Song)
by R. Schumann.

Trio from a Sonata

by J. Haydn.

London.
MAGAZINE OF MUSIC OFFICE.
ST MARTIN'S HOUSE, LUDGATE HILL, E.C.

A VISION.

(ALLNÄCHTLICH IM TRAUME.)

R. SCHUMANN.

Andantino con espressione.

VOICE.
GESANG.

Still night - ly in vi-sions thee I see, Thou smi-lest, thou
All - nächt-lich im Trau-me seh ich dich, und se - he dich

smi-lest in friend - ly greet-ing, And weep - ing at thy feet I fall, en -
freundlich, freund - lich grü - ssen, und laut auf-weinend stürz' ich mich zu

ritard. a tempo

rap - tur'd at our meeting. Still pen-sive thy
dei - nen sü - ssen Fü - ssen. Du sie - hest mich

gaze, My sen - ses en - thrall-ing, And sad - ly shak - ing that
an weh - mü-thig - lich und schüt - telst, schüt - telst das



head so love - ly, From out thine eyes the pear-ly tears I feel on me are
 blon - de Köpf - chen, aus dei - nen Au - gen schleichen sich die Per - len-Thrä - nen -

ritard. *a tempo* *pp*
 fall-ing. Thou speak-est soft - ly some ten - der
 tropfchen. Du sagst mir heim-lich ein lei - ses

word, And giv'st me a cy - press branch and bid'st me clasp it, I wake, thou'rt
 Wort, und giebst mir den Strauss, den Strauss von Cy - pres-sen, ich wa - che

gone! And the words for - got, and thy gift, no more I grasp it.
 auf. und der Strauss ist fort und das Wort hab' ich ver-ges - sen.

ZIGEUNERTANZ.

R. SCHUMANN.

Quickly. ♩: 80.

The image shows a page of sheet music for piano, consisting of six staves of musical notation. The music is written in common time (indicated by 'C') and includes various dynamics such as 'p' (piano) and 'f' (forte). The notation uses both treble and bass clefs. Fingerings are indicated above the notes, and pedaling is shown with vertical dashes. The music is divided into measures by vertical bar lines.

The musical score consists of six staves of piano music. The top staff uses treble clef, while the others use bass clef. The music is in common time. Fingerings are marked above the notes, and dynamic markings like *f* and *p* are included. Pedal markings like "Ped." and "*" are also present. The music is divided into measures by vertical bar lines.

6 "COME AWAY, FOR DAY IS CLOSING".

Words by
HENRY KNIGHT.

(2 part song for Childrens' Voices.)

Music by
FERRIS TOZER.

Allegretto.

1st VOICE. 2nd VOICE. PIANO.

Come a-way, for day is clos-ing, Now each songster seeks its nest, All mankind will be re-pos-ing, Ere the sun fades in the west, Na-ture's summons do not scorn, Bed fare-well to mirth till morn. Hark! the cur-few clear doth call, Shades of night will quick-ly fall.

Slow.

Shades of night will quick-ly fall. Come a-way, for see the

pp Slow. *mf a tempo*

* This may be used as a unison song if preferred.

dai - sies, Close in sleep their wea - ry heads. While the light the glow worm
 rai - ses, Lus - tre in the dark-ness sheds. With a joy - ful leap and
 bound, Has - ten o'er the de - wy ground, Homeward twin where loved ones
 dwell. For - est dear, Good night! Fare - well, For - est dear, Good night, Fare -
p Slow.
a tempo mf well, Good night, Good night, Fare - well, Fare - well.
p rit.
a tempo rit. *p*

A LITTLE HUNTING SONG.

R. SCHUMANN.

Linely and joyfully.

TRIO from a SONATA.

J. HAYDN.

Cantabile.



THE MAGAZINE OF MUSIC

SUPPLEMENT FOR MARCH

M. P. KING

Edited by Geo. R. Grover

The Owl



is Out



A GLEE FOR THREE VOICES

Composed by

M. P. KING

"MAGAZINE OF MUSIC" OFFICE: ST. MARTIN'S HOUSE, 29, LUDGATE HILL,

LONDON, E.C.

THE OWL IS OUT

A Glee for Three Voices

Composed by

M. P. KING

Edited by GEO. F. GROVER.

1st
TENOR. $\text{C} = 116.$

2nd
TENOR. MODERATO.

BASS.

The Owl - - - is out; In yon - der Tree, she sits - - -
she sits in sul - len Ma - jes - ty,
in sul - len Ma - jes - ty,
in Ma - - - jes - ty. The Owl - - - is out; In yon - - -
she sits - - - in sul - len Ma - jes - ty, The Bat's a - - -
she sits in sul - len sul - len Ma - jes - ty, The
Tree, she sits in sul - len Ma - jes - ty, The



broad and skims a - - long, The Night - - in -
 Bat's a - - broad and skims a - - long, The
 Bat's a - - broad and skims a - - long, The

- gale Sweet tunes - her song, The Night - - in -
 Night - - in - gale Sweet tunes - - her song,
 Night - - in - - gale Sweet tunes ber song,

dim. e rall.

gale Sweet tunes her song, Sweet tunes - - her song.
 dim. e rall.
 Sweet tunes - - her song, Sweet tunes - - her song.
 dim. e rall.
 Sweet tunes her song, Sweet tunes her song.

d=60.

The Moon now ri - - sing, the Moon now
 cres.
 The Moon now ri - - sing, ri - - sing, ri - - - - .
 cres.
 The Moon now ri - - sing, ri - - sing, ri - sing, the Moon now

4

ri - - sing, ri - sing o'er the Hill, now ri - sing o'er the Hill,
sing ri - sing o'er the Hill, Il - lumes the dolce.

Il - lumes the Lake,
Lake, express. express.

The Lake is still, The Lake is still, The

The Moon - - - ri - - - sing il - lumes the cres.
Moon now ri - - - sing il - lumes the cres.
Moon now ri - - - sing il - lumes the

Lake, the Lake is still, the Lake is still.
Lake, the Lake is still, the Lake is still.
Lake, the Lake is still, the Lake is still.

ANDANTE. $\text{d} = 60.$

dolce.

Now Mu - sic sweet - - - is heard a - far. Now.
dolce.

Now Mu - sic sweet - - - is heard a - far. Now.

Now Mu - sic sweet - - - is heard a - .

Mu - - - sic sweet - - - is heard a - far. Now.

Mu - - - sic sweet - - - is heard a - far. Now.

far. Now Mu - sic sweet - - - is heard a - .

cres.

ri - - - sing, dy - - ing, Now

cres.

ri - - - sing, dy - - ing, Now

cres.

ri - - - - - sing, Now dy - - -

cres.

ri - - - - - sing, Now dy - - -

dy - - ing,
on the Air.
dy - - ing,
on the Air.
dy - - ing
on the Air.

A musical score for three voices (Soprano, Alto, Tenor/Bass) in common time. The key signature changes between G major (two sharps), F# major (one sharp), and E major (no sharps or flats). The tempo is Allegretto at 100 BPM. The vocal parts are: Soprano: Now hark the Vil - lage Bells sweet wa...; Alto: Now hark the Vil - lage Bells sweet say, Now hark the Vil - lage Bells sweet... light; Tenor/Bass: Hark, hark, way. The music includes dynamic markings like *mp* (mezzo-forte) and *p* (piano).

A musical score for three voices (Soprano, Alto, Bass) in common time. The key signature changes between G major (two sharps), C major (no sharps or flats), and F major (one sharp). The vocal parts are: Soprano: "say, Now hark, hark the Vil - lage Bells sweet say." (with 'dim.' dynamic); Alto: "say, Now hark, hark the Vil - lage Bells sweet say." (with 'dim.' dynamic); Bass: "Now hark the Vil - lage Bells, the Vil - lage Bells sweet say." (with 'eve has' ending).

TIGHT
BO

HTLY
OUND

